

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

WRITTEN IN THE

T I M E

OF THE

L A T E W A R S.

BY

S A M U E L B U T L E R

K

WITH

ANNOTATIONS, and a complete INDEX;

VOL. I.

D U B L I N :

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TO THE

READER.

POETA nascitur, non fit, is a sentence of as great truth as antiquity ; it being most certain, that all the acquired learning imaginable is insufficient to complete a poet, without a natural genius and propensity to so noble and sublime an art. And we may, without offence, observe, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satirical inspiration our author wittily invokes :

Which made them, though it were in spite
Of nature, and their stars, to write.

On the other side, some who have had very little human learning, but were endued with a large share of natural wit and parts, have become the most celebrated poets * of the age they lived in. But as these last are *rarae aves*

* *Shakespear, D'Avenant, &c.*

in terris ; so when the Muses have not disdained the assistances of other arts and sciences, we are then blessed with those lasting monuments of wit and learning, which may justly claim a kind of eternity upon earth. And our author, had his modesty permitted him, might, with Horace, have said,

Exegi monumentum aere perennius ;

Or, with Ovid,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

The author of this celebrated poem was of this last composition : for although he had not the happiness of an academical education, as some affirm, it may be perceived throughout his whole poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

Rapin, in his reflections, speaking of the necessary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us, he must have a genius extraordinary ; great natural gifts ; a wit just, fruitful, piercing, solid

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solid and universal ; an understanding clear and distinct ; an imagination neat and pleasant ; an elevation of soul, that depends not only on art or study, but is purely a gift of heaven, which must be sustained by a lively sense and vivacity ; judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this character is due to our author, I leave to the impartial reader, and those of nicer judgments, who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable poem is so thoroughly established in the world, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyric upon it. King Charles II. whom the judicious part of mankind will readily acknowledge to be a sovereign judge of wit, was so great an admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his conversation. However, since most men have a curiosity to have some account of such anonymous authors, whose compositions have been eminent for wit or learning ; I have been

desired to oblige them with such informations as I could receive from those who had the happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectify the mistakes of the Oxford antiquary, in his *Athenae Oxonienses*, concerning him.

THE

THE
AUTHOR'S LIFE.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the author of this excellent poem, was born in the parish of Strensham, in the county of Worcester, and baptized there the 13th of February, 1612. His father, who was of the same name, was an honest country farmer, who had some small estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the lord of the manor where he lived. However, perceiving in this son of his an early inclination to learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the free school at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright; where, having passed the usual time, and being become an excellent school-scholar, he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that university, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education: so that our author returned soon into his native country, and became clerk to one Mr. Jefferys of Earlscroft, an eminent justice of the peace for that county, with whom he lived some years, in an easy and no contemptible service. Here, by the indulgence of a kind master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatever learning his inclinations led him, which were chiefly history and poetry; to which, for his diversion, he

joined music and painting: and I have seen some pictures, said to be of his drawing, which remained in that family; which I mention, not for the excellency of them, but to satisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that noble art; for which also he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most eminent painters of his time.

He was, after this, recommended to that great encourager of learning, Elisabeth Countess of Kent, where he had not only the opportunity to consult all manner of learned books, but to converse also with that living library of learning, the great Mr. Selden.

Our author lived some time also with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient family in Bedfordshire; but, to his dishonour, an eminent commander under the usurper Oliver Cromwell; and then it was, as I am informed, he composed this loyal poem. For though fate, more than choice, seems to have placed him in the service of a knight so notorious, both in his person and politics; yet, by the rule of contraries, one may observe throughout his whole poem, that he was most orthodox, both in his religion and loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that time, because he had then the opportunity to converse with those living characters of rebellion, nonsense, and hypocrisy, which he so lively and pathe-

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pathetically exposes throughout the whole work.

After the restoration of K. Charles II. those who were at the helm minding money more than merit, our author found those verses of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself :

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi: —

And being endued with that innate modesty, which rarely finds promotion in princes courts ; he became secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the principality of Wales, who made him steward of Ludlow-Castle, when the court there was revived. About this time, he married one Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family, but no widow, as our Oxford antiquary has reported. She had a competent fortune ; but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill securities, so that it was of little advantage to him. He is reported, by our antiquary, to have been secretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was chancellor to the university of Cambridge : but whether that be true or no, it is certain, the Duke had a great kindness for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him, than that Mecaenas of all learned and witty men, Charles Lord Buckhurst,

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the late Earl of Dorset and Middlesex; who, being himself an excellent poet, knew how to set a just value upon the ingenious performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the necessities of those whose modesty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our author was a signal instance, as several others have been who are now living. In fine, the integrity of his life, the acuteness of his wit, and easiness of his conversation, had rendered him most acceptable to all men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of acquaintance, and wisely chose such only whom his discerning judgment could distinguish, as Mr. Cowley expresses it,

From the great vulgar or the small.

And having thus lived to a good old age, admired by all, though personally known to few, he departed this life in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his good friend Mr. Longuevil of the Temple, in the yard belonging to the church of St. Paul, Covent-garden, at the west end of the said yard, on the north side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway. And since he has no monument yet set up for him, give me leave to borrow his epitaph from that of

Michael

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE. xi

Michael Drayton the poet, as the author of Mr. Cowley's has partly done before me.

And though no monument can claim
To be the treasurer of thy name ;
This work, which ne'er will die, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

The characters of this poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest pretenders to learning or history : nor can scarce any one be so ignorant, as not to know, that the chief design thereof is a satire against those incendiaries of church and state, who, in the late rebellion, under pretence of religion, murdered the best of kings, to introduce the worst of governments ; destroyed the best of churches, that hypocrisy, novelty, and nonsense, might be predominant amongst us ; and overthrew our wholesome laws and constitutions, to make way for their blessed anarchy and confusion, which at last ended in tyranny. But since, according to the proverb, *None are so blind as they that will not see* ; so those who are not resolved to be invincibly ignorant, I refer, for their farther satisfaction, to the histories of Mr. Fowlis of presbytery, and Mr. Walker of independency ; but more especially to that incomparable history lately published, wrote by Edward Earl of Clarendon ; which are sufficient to satisfy any unbiassed person, that his general

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characters are not fictitious; and I could heartily wish these times were so reformed, that they were not applicable to some even now living. However, there being several particular persons reflected on, which are not commonly known, and some old stories and uncouth words which want explication, we have thought fit to do that right to their memories, and, for the better information of the less learned readers, to explain them in some additional annotations at the end of this edition.

How often the imitation of this poem has been attempted, and with how little success, I leave the readers to judge. In the year 1663, there came out a spurious book, called *The second part of Hudibras*; which is reflected upon by our author, under the character of Whacum, towards the latter end of his second part. Afterwards came out the Dutch and Scotch Hudibras, Butler's Ghost, the Occasional Hypocrite, and some others of the same nature, which, compared with this, (Virgil Travesty excepted) deserve only to be condemned *ad ficum et piperem*; or, if you please, to more base and servile offices.

Some vain attempts have been likewise made to translate some parts of it into Latin; but how far they fall short of that spirit of the English wit, I leave the meanest capacity that understands them to judge. The following similes

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similes I have heard were done by the learned Dr. Harmar, once Greek professor at Oxon.

So learned Taliacotius from, &c.

Sic adscitios nafos de clune torosi
Vectoris, docta secuit Taliacotius arte :
Qui potuere parem durando aequare parentem.
At postquam fato clunis computruit, ipsum
Una sympatheticum coepit tabescere rostrum.

So wind in the hypocondres pent, &c.

Sic hypocondriacis inclusa meatibus aura
Definet in crepitum, si fertur prona per alvum ;
Sed si summa petat, mentisque invaferit arcem,
Divinus furor est, et conscientia flamma futuri.

So lawyers, left the bear defendant, &c.

Sic legum mystae, ne forsan pax foret, ursam
Inter furentem sese, actoremque molesum ;
Faucibus injiciunt clavos dentisque refungunt,
Luctantesque canes coxis femorisque revellunt.
Errores justasque moras obtendere certis,
Judiciumque prius revocare ut prorsus iniquum.
Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen utrinque,
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.
Eja ! agite & cives, iterumque in proelia tradunt.

There are some verses, which, for reasons of state, easy to be guessed at, were thought fit to be omitted in the first impression ; as these which follow.

Did not the learned Glyn and Maynard,
To make good subjects traitors, strain hard ?
Was not the King, by proclamation,
Declar'd a traitor through the nation ?

And now I heartily wish I could gratify your farther curiosity with some of those golden remains

mains which are in the custody of Mr. Longuevil; but not having the happiness to be very well acquainted with him, nor interest to procure them, I desire you will be content with the following copy, which the ingenious Mr. Aubrey assures he had from the author himself.

No Jesuit e'er took in hand
 To plant a church in barren land ;
 Nor ever thought it worth the while
 A Swede or Russ to reconcile.
 For where there is no store of wealth,
 Souls are not worth the charge of health.
 Spain in America had two designs,
 To sell their gospel for their mines.
 For had the Mexicans been poor,
 No Spaniard twice had landed on their shore.
 'Twas gold the Catholic religion planted,
 Which, had they wanted gold, they still had wanted.

The Oxford antiquary ascribes to our author two pamphlets, supposed falsely, as he says, to be William Pryn's; the one intitled, *Mola Afinaria*: or, *The unreasonableness and insupportable burthen pressed upon the shoulders of this groaning nation*, &c. London, 1659, in one sheet quarto. The other, Two letters, one from John Audland, a Quaker, to William Pryn; the other Pryn's answer; in three sheets in folio, 1672.

I have also seen a small poem, of one sheet in quarto, on Du Vall, a notorious highwayman, said to be wrote by our author; but how truly, I know not.

H U D I B R A S.

P A R T I.

C A N T O I.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth ;
His arms and equipage are shown ;
His horse's virtues and his own.
Th' adventure of the *Bear* and *Fiddle*
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why ;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk ;
Whose honesty they all durst fwear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore :
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick :
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight wou'd
Intitle him, *Mirrour of knighthood* ;

That

That never bow'd his stubborn knee
 To any thing but chivalry ;
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade :
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant :
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle :
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of *war*, as well as *peace*.
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water).
 But here our authors make a doubt,
 Whether he were more wife or stout,
 Some hold the one, and some the other :
 But howso'er they make a pother,
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, call'd a *fool*.
 For't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an *ass*,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras,
 (For that's the name our valiant knight
 'To all his challenges did write).
 But they're mistaken very much,
 'Tis plain enough he was no such.
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 H'was very shy of using it ;
 As being loath to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about ;
 Unles on holidays, or so,
 As men their best apparel do.

Beside,

Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;
 That Latin was no more difficult,
 Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
 B'ing rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted ;
 But much of either would afford
 To many, that had not one word.
 For Hebrew roots, although they're found
 To flourish most in barren ground,
 He had such plenty, as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd :
 And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a proselyte, but for claps.

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
 He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse ;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl ;
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination :
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I'th'middle of his speech, or cough,

H'had

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H'had hard words, ready to shew why,
 And tell what rules he did it by :
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich ;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect :
 It was a party-colour'd dress
 Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages ;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if h'had talk'd three parts in one ;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th'had heard three labourers of Babel ;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large :
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit ;
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on :
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em ;
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater :
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale ;
Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight ,
And wisely tell what hour o'th'day
The clock does strike, by algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;
Whate'er the crabbed'ſt author hath,
He understood b'implicit faith :
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry *why* he had a *wherefore* :
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by *rote*,
And as occasion serv'd, would quote :
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell ;
But oftentimes mistook the one,
For th'other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts ;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly ;
Where Truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
In school-divinity as able,
As he that hight, Irrefragable ;

A second

A second Thomas, or at once
To name them all, another Duns :
Profound in all the nominal
And real ways beyond them all ;
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist ;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
That's empty when the moon is full ;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice,
As if divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The sores of faith are cur'd again ;
Although by woful proof we find,
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies ;
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it,
Below the moon, or else above it.
What Adam dream'd of when his bride
Came from her closet in his side ;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch interpreter ;
If either of them had a navel ;
Who first made mufie malleable ;
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all :
All this, without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,

In proper terms such as men smatter,
When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his religion it was fit
To match his learning and his wit :
'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant :
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks ;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done :
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies :
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amis :
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick.
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way :
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.

Free

Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All piety consits therein
 In them in other men all sin.
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly:
 Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend plumb-porridge ;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.
 Th'apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were afs and widgeon.
 To whom our knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so link't
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got th'advowson of his conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th'inside, not the outward,
 That next of all we shall discuss :
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.
 His tawny beard was th'equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face ;
 In cut and dye so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile :
 The upper part thereof was whey,
 The nether orange mix'd with grey.
 This hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns :
 With grisly type did represent
 Declining age of government ;
 And tell with hieroglyphic spade,
 Its own grave and the state's were made.
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a nation rue ;

Thought

Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfal.
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow ;
Of rule as fullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordeliere :
Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom with resolution ;
To oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th'incensed state :
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as monarchy should last ;
But when the state should hap to reel,
Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state ;
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever ;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech ;
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the sympathetic snout.

His back, or rather burden, show'd,
As if it stoop'd with its own load.

For

For as Aeneas bore his fire
 Upon his shoulders through the fire ;
 Our knight did bear no les a pack
 Of his own buttocks on his back ;
 Which now had almost got the upper-
 Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
 To poise this equally, he bore
 A paunch of the same bulk before ;
 Which still he had a special care
 To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare ;
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds.
 Such as a country-house affords ;
 With other viual, which anon
 We farther shall dilate upon,
 When of his hose we come to treat,
 The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword, yet cudgel proof :
 Wherby 'twas fitter for his use,
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen ;
 To old King Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own.
 Through they were lin'd with many a piece
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,
 And fat black-puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood.
 For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry vittle in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice
 The ammunition to surprise :
 And when he put a hand but in
 The one or t'other magazine,

They

They stoutly in defence on't stood,
 And from the wounded foe drew blood :
 And till th'were storm'd and beaten out,
 Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.
 And though knights errant, as some think,
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,
 Because when thorough deserts vast
 And regions desolate they past,
 Where belly-timber above ground,
 Or under, was not to be found,
 Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
 Of their provision on record ;
 Which made some confidently write,
 They had no stomachs but to fight :
 'Tis false : for Arthur wore in hall
 Round table like a farthingal,
 On which with shirt pull'd out behind,
 And eke before, his good knights din'd :
 Though 'twas no table, some suppose,
 But a huge pair of round trunk hose ;
 In which he carry'd as much meat
 As he and all the knights could eat,
 When laying by their swords and truncheons,
 They took their breakfasts or their nuncheons.
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We should forget where we digrest ;
 As learned authors use, to whom
 We leave it, and to th'purpose come.

His puissant sword unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd ;
 With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both.
 In it he melted lead for bullets,
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets ;

B

To

They

To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter t'any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of some body to hew and hack.
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
 'The rancour of its edge had felt :
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not shew its face.
 In many desperate attempts,
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
 It had appear'd with courage bolder
 Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder.
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And pris'ners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had his page,
 That was but little for his age ;
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As dwarfs upon knights errant do.
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging.
 When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
 Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where this and more it did endure ;
 But left the trade, as many more
 Have lately done on the same score.

In th'holsters at his saddle-bow
 Two aged pistols he did stow,
 Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his hose he could not get.
 These would inveigle rats with th'scent,
 To forage when the cocks were bent ;
 And sometimes catch them with a snap,
 As cleverly as th'ablest trap.
 They were upon hard duty still,
 And ev'ry night stood sentinel,
 To guard the magazine i'th'hose
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
 From peaceful home set forth to fight.
 But first with nimble active force
 He got on th'outside of his horse ;
 For having but one stirrup ty'd
 T'his saddle, on the further side,
 It was so short, h'had much ado
 To reach it with his desp'rate toe.
 But, after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to the saddle-eaves ;
 From whence he vaulted into th'seat,
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own weight ; but did recover,
 By laying hold on tail and mane,
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
 Before we further do proceed,
 It doth behove us to say something
 Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin.
 The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With mouth of meal and eyes of wall ;

I would say eye ; for h'had but one,
 As most agree, though some say none.
 He was well flay'd, and in his gate
 Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.
 At spur or switch no more he skipp'd,
 Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipp'd :
 And yet so fiery, he would bound,
 As if he griev'd to touch the ground :
 That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,
 Was not by half so tender-hooft,
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
 And as that beast would kneel and stoop
 (Some write) to take his rider up ;
 So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,
 Would often do to set him down.
 We shall not need to say what lack
 Of leather was upon his back ;
 For that was hidden under pad,
 And breech of knight gall'd full as bad.
 His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
 Like furrows he himself had plow'd :
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,
 'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
 His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
 Which on his rider he would flurt.
 Still as his tender side he prick'd
 With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd kick'd :
 For Hudibras wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir
 To active trot one side of's horse,
 The other would not hang an arse.

A squire he had, whose name was *Ralph*,
 That in th'adventure went his half.

Though

Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:
And when we can with metre safe,
We'll call him so; if not, plain *Ralph*;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses).
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
With subtle shreds a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir:
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike sights
Against the bloody cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd, both great and small.
This sturdy squire, he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't:
Some call it *gifts*, and some *new light*:
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
Like commendation ninepence crook'd
With — To and from my love — it look'd.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.

But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too.
 For saints themselves will sometimes be,
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with hem and cough,
 Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff.
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a needle.
 For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside their way ;
 Whate'er men speak by this new light,
 Still they are sure to be i'th'right.
 'Tis a dark lanthorn of the spirit,
 Which none see by but those that bear it ;
 A light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual trades to cozen by ;
 An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
 And leads men into pools and ditches,
 To make them dip themselves, and sound
 For Christendom, in dirty pond ;
 To dive like wild fowl for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration.
 This light inspires and plays upon
 The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,
 As through a trunk, or whisp 'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spirit'al eaves-droppers can hear.
 So Phoebus, or some friendly muse,
 Into small poets song infuse ;
 Which they at second hand rehearse
 Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
 Thus Ralph became infallible,
 As three or four legg'd oracle,

The ancient cup, or modern chair, ;
 Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
 For mystic learning, wondrous able
 In magic talisman and cabal,
 Whose primitive tradition reaches
 As far as Adam's first green breeches ;
 Deep-sighted in intelligences,
 Ideas, atoms, influences ;
 And much of *terra incognita* ;
 Th'intelligible world, could say ;
 A deep occult philosopher,
 As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
 Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
 And solid lying much renown'd :
 He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
 And Jacob Behmen, understood ;
 Knew many an amulet and charm,
 That would do neither good nor harm ;
 In Rosy-Crucian lore as learned,
 As he that *were adeptus* earned ;
 He understood the speech of birds
 As well as they themselves do words ;
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean ;
 What member 'tis of whom they talk.
 When they cry *Rope*, and *walk, knave, walk*.
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,
 And keep them in a glass, like water ;
 Of sov'reign power to make men wise ;
 For dropt in blear, thick-sighted eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest night,
 Like owls, though purblind in the light.
 By help of these, as he profess'd,
 He had first matter seen undress'd :

He took her naked all alone,
 Before one rag of form was on.
 'The chaos too he had descry'd,
 And seen quite through, or else he ly'd :
 Not that of pasteboard, which men shew
 For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew ;
 But its great-grandfire, first o'th' name,
 Whence that and Reformation came ;
 Both cousin-germans, and right able
 T'inveigle and draw in the rabble.
 But Reformation was, some say,
 O'th' younger house to puppet-play.
 He could foretell what's ever was
 By consequence to come to pass ;
 As death of great men, alterations,
 Diseases, battles, inundations.
 All this without th'eclipse o'th'sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done,
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood ;
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,
 Like knights o'th' post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge ;
 As if they were consenting to
 All mischiefs in the world men do ;
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and lway' em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a planet's house, to know
 Who broke and robb'd a house below ;
 Examine Venus and the moon,
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon :
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can gues,

And

And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods.
 They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak ;
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach.
 They'll find, i'th' physiognomies
 O'th' planets, all mens destinies ;
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,
 And swallow'd it instead of th'pill ;
 Cast the nativity o' th'question.
 And from positions to be guess'd on.
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs ;
 And tell what crisis does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;
 In men, what gives or cures the itch ;
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich ;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves ;
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves ;
 But not what wife ; for only of those
 The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
 No more than can the astrologians.
 There they say right, and like true Trojans.
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke.
 Thus was th'accomplish'd squire endu'd
 With gifts and knowledge, per'lous shrewd.
 Never did trusty squire with knight,
 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
 Their arms and equipage did fit,
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit.

Their valours too were of a rate,
 And out they sally'd at the gate.
 Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
 But fortune unto them turn'd dogged ;
 For they a sad adventure met,
 Of which anon we mean to treat.
 But ere we venture to unfold
 Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should, as learned poets use,
 Invoke th'assistance of some muse ;
 However critics count it sillier
 Than jugglers talking to familiar.
 We think 'tis no great matter which ;
 They're all alike ; yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our purpose most ;
 Whom therefore thus do we accost.

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
 Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars.
 And force them, though it was in spite
 Of nature, and their stars, to write ;
 Who, as we find in fullen wits,
 And cross-grain'd works of modern wits,
 With vanity, opinion, want,
 The wonder of the ignorant,
 The praises of the author, penn'd
 B'himself, or wit-insuring friend ;
 The itch of picture in the front,
 With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
 All that is left 'th'forked hill,
 To make men scribble without skill ;
 Canst make a poet spite of fate,
 And teach all people to translate,
 Though out of languages in which
 They understand no part of speech :

Assist me but this once, I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known.

Therefore there needs no more be said here,

We unto them refer our reader;

For brevity is very good,

When **w**are, or are not understood.

To this town people did repair

On days of market, or of fair;

And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse tabor,

In merriment did drudge and labour:

But now a sport more formidable

Had rak'd together village-rabble;

'Twas an old way of recreating,

Which learned butchers call *bear-baiting*.

A bold advent'rous exercise,

With ancient heroes in high prize:

For authors do affirm it came

From Isthmian or Nemeian game.

Others derive it from the bear

That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,

And round about the pole does make

A circle like a bear at stake,

That at the chain's end wheels about,

And overturns the rabble-rout.

For after solemn proclamation

In the bear's name, (as is the fashion

According to the law of arms,

To keep men from inglorious harms),

That none presume to come so near

As forty foot of stake of bear;

If any yet be so fool-hardy,

T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy;

If

If they come wounded off, and lame,
 No honour's got by such a maim ;
 Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound
 In honour to make good his ground,
 When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis ;
 But lets them know, at their own cost,
 That he intends to keep his post.
 This to prevent, and other harms,
 Which always wait on feats of arms,
 (For in the hurry of a fray,
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way),
 Thither the Knight his course did steer,
 To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear ;
 As he believ'd h'was bound to do
 In conscience and commission too ;
 And therefore thus bespoke the squire.

We that are wisely mounted higher
 Than constables in curule wit,
 When on tribunal bench we sit,
 Like speculators should foresee,
 From Pharos of authority,
 Portended mischiefs farther than
 Low Protelarian tything-men.
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
 That dog and bear are to dispute ;
 For so of late men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same ;
 (For where the first does hap to be,
 The last does *coincidere*) ;
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
 To save th'expence of Christian blood,
 And try if we, by mediation
 Of treaty and accommodation,

Can end the quarrel, and compose
 The bloody duel without blows.
 Are not our liberties, our lives,
 The laws, religion, and our wives,
 Enough at once to lie at stake
 For cov'nant and the *caufe's* sake?
 But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
 As well as we, must venture theirs?
 This feud by Jesuits invented,
 By evil counsel is fomented;
 There is a Machiavilian plot,
 (Though ev'ry *nare olfact* is not),
 A deep design in't to divide
 The well-affected that confide,
 By setting brother against brother,
 To claw and curry one another.
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
 That *cane et angue pejus* hate us?
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 Upon our own selves without cause?
 That some occult design doth lie
 In bloody cynarctomachy,
 Is plain enough to him that knows,
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
 But sure some mischief will come of it;
 Unless by providential wit,
 Or force, we averruncate it.
 For what design, what interest
 Can beast have to encounter beast?
 They fight for no espoused cause,
 Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
 Nor for a thorough reformation,
 Nor covenant, nor protestation

Nor

Nor liberty of consciences,
 Nor Lords and Commons ordinances ;
 Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
 To get them in their own no hands ;
 Nor evil counsellors to bring
 To justice, that seduce the King ;
 Nor for the worship of us men,
 Though we have done as much for them.
 Th'Aegyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
 Their faith made internecine war :
 Others ador'd a rat, and some
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom :
 The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th'elephant and monkey's tooth :
 And many, to defend that faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death :
 But no beast ever was so slight,
 For man, as for his God, to fight.
 They have more wit, alas ! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, who only do infuse
 The rage in them like *boute-feus* ;
 'Tis our example that instills
 In them th'infection of our ills :
 For, as some late philosophers
 Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
 With man, take after him, as hogs
 Get pigs all th'year, and bitches dogs.
 Just so, by our example, cattle
 Learn to give one another battle.
 We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
 And then set dogs about their ears :

From thence, no doubt, th'invention came
Of this lewd antichristian game.

To this, quoth Ralph, verily,
The point seems very plain to me.
It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.

First for the name, the word *bear-beating*
Is carnal, and of man's creating :
For certainly there's no such word
In all the scripture on record,
Therefore unlawful, and a sin ;
And so is (secondly) the *thing*.
A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by scripture, than
Provincial, classic, national,
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is idolatrous ;
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether dog or bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan,
No less than worshipping of Dagon.

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat ;
Ralph, thou dost prevaricate :
For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amissum*, as thou say'st ;
(For that bear-baiting should appear
Jure divino lawfuller
Than synods are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis ; so do I) :
Yet there's a fallacy in this ;
For if by *fly homaeosis*,
Tuffis pro crepitu, an art
Under a cough to slur a f---t,

Thou

Thou wouldst sophistically imply,
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I, quoth Ralph, do not doubt
But bear-baiting may be made out,
In gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or parochial *classis* :
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That put' em in a bag, and shake' em,
Yourself o'th'sudden would mistake' em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness :
For 'tis not hard t'imagine whether
O'th'two is worst, though I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, thou offer' st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i'th'adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage ;
Thou'l be at best but fuch a bull,
Or shear-swine, all cry and no wool ;
For what can synods have at all,
With bear that's analogical ?
Or what relation has debating
Of church affairs with bear-baiting ?
A just comparison still is
Of things *ejusdem generis*.
And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both ?
If animal, both of us may
As justly pass for bears as they ;
For we are animals no less,
Although of diff'rent specieses.
But, Ralph, this is not fit place,
Nor time to argue out the case :

For

For now the field is not far off, but on the high bank
Where we must give the world a proof to approve of us
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit a soldier and a knight
Another manner of dispute.

A controversy that affords no need of law or writing,
Actions for arguments, not words: but arms, and battle,
Which we must manage at a rate of honour, valour, and boldness,
Of prowess and conduct adequate to our birth and birthright,
To what our place and fame doth promise, and all the world expect us.
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
We're flurr'd and outed by success: but then we're still amaz'd,
Success, the mark no mortal wit, nor man's skill can hit,
Or surest hand, can always hit: but then we're still amaz'd,
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate, we're still amaz'd,
We do but row, we're steer'd by fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true fons, but often false fons,
Of great and mighty resolutions, but often base and trifling,
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth: but often base and trifling,
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have borne us out:
Which, though they're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example;
We're not the only persons durst
Attempt this province, nor the first.
In northern clime a val'rous knight
Did whilom kill his bear in fight,
And wound a fiddler: we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,

And

And equal fame and glory from th'attempt of victory to come.
 'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke
 In foreign land, yclep'd —
 To whom we have been oft compar'd
 For person, parts, address, and beard ;
 Both equally reputed stout,
 And in the same cause both have fought ;
 He oft in such attempts as these
 Came off with glory and success ;
 Nor will we fail in th'execution,
 For want of equal resolution.
 Honour is like a widow, won
 With brisk attempt and putting on,
 With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

This said, as yerst the Phrygian knight,
 So ours, with rusty steel did smite
 His Trojan horse, and just as much
 He mended pace upon the touch ;
 But from his empty stomach groan'd
 Just as that hollow beast did sound,
 And angry answer'd from behind,
 With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
 So have I seen, with armed heel,
 A wight bestride a common-weal :
 While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
 The les the fullen jade has stirr'd.

C A N T O

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies best men of war :
Whom, in a bold harangue, the knight
Defies, and challenges to fight :
H'encounters Talgol, routs the bear
And takes the fiddler prisoner ;
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden bastile.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over ;
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love :
Just so romances are, for what else
Is in them all, but love and battles ?
O'th'first of these w've no great matter
To treat of, but a world o'th'latter :
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean, in what concerns just fight,
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make some well-founding name
A pattern, fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,
(Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a palace in the place),
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,

Or

Or wives, or children, so they can
 Make up some fierce dead-doing man,
 Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
 Just like the manhood of nine taylors :
 So a wild Tartar, when he spies
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
 If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit :
 As if just so much he enjoy'd,
 As in another is destroy'd.
 For when a giant's slain in fight,
 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
 It is a heavy case, no doubt,
 A man should have his brains beat out,
 Because he's tall, and has large bones ;
 As men kill beavers for their stones.
 But as for our part, we shall tell
 The naked truth of what befel ;
 And as an equal friend to both
 The knight and bear, but more to truth,
 With neither faction shall take part,
 But give to each his due desert ;
 And never coin a formal lye on't,
 To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
 This b'ing profess'd, we hope's enough,
 And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but authors having not
 Determin'd whether pace or trot,
 (This is to say, whether *tollutation*,
 As they do term't, or *succussion*),
 We leave it, and go on, as now
 Suppose they did, no matter how :
 Yet some from subtle hints have got
 Mysterious light, it was a trot.

But

But let that pass : they now begun
 To spur their living engines on.
 For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls,
 The learned hold, are animals :
 So horses they affirm to be
 Mere engines made by geometry :
 And were invented first from engines,
 As Indian Britons were from penguins,
 So let them be: as I was saying,
 They their live engines ply'd, not staying
 Untill they reach'd the fatal champain,
 Which th'enemy did then encamp on :
 The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
 And fierce auxiliary men,
 That came to aid their brethren ;
 Who now began to take the field,
 As knight from ridge of steed beheld.
 For as our modern wits behold,
 Mounted a pick-back on the old,
 Much farther off ; much farther he,
 Rais'd on his aged beast, could see :
 Yet not sufficient to descry
 All postures of the enemy ;
 Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,
 T'observe their numbers, and their order ;
 That, when their motions he had known,
 He might know how to fit his own.
 Mean while he stopp'd his willing steed,
 To fit himself for martial deed :
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
 Either to give blows, or to ward ;
 Courage and steell, both of great force
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.

His

His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's sword from retentive scabbard :
And, after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck.
Then shook himself, to see that prowes
In scabbard of his arms sat loose ;
And rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralph rode on with no less speed
Than Hugo in the forest did :
But far more in returning made ;
For now the foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main battle, wings, and rear.
I'th'head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.
Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar ;
(For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat ?)
A squeaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, or north-east side,
Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the knot of noose :
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen strait
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but souse to chitterlings :

For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
 Are fit for music, or for pudden :
 From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
 Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.
 His grisly beard was long and thick,
 Wit which he strung his fiddle-stick :
 For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe,
 For what on his own chin did grow.
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
 A beard and tail of his own growth ;
 And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
 He made use only of his beard.
 In Staffordshire, where virtuous woth
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth ;
 Where bulls do chuse the boldest king,
 And ruler, o'er the men of string ;
 (As once in Persia, 'tis said,
 Kings were proclaim'd by horse that neigh'd) ;
 He bravely vent'ring at a crown,
 By chance of war was beaten down,
 And wounded sore : his leg then broke,
 Had got a deputy of oak ;
 For when a shin in fight is cropt,
 The knee with one of timber's propt,
 Esteem'd more honourable than the other,
 And takes place though the younger brother.

Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
 Wife conduct, and success in war ;
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,
 Now marshal to the champion bear.
 With truncheon tipt with iron head,
 The warrior to the lists he led ;
 With solemn march, and stately pace,
 But far more grave and solemn face ;

Grave

Grave as the emperor of Pegu,
 Or Spanish potentate Don Diego.
 This leader was of knowledge great,
 Either for charge, or for retreat.
 He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
 To fall back and retreat as well.
 So lawyers, lest the bear defendant,
 And plaintiff dog should make an end on't,
 Do stave and tail with wits of terror,
 Reverse of judgment, and demurral,
 To let them breath a while, and then
 Cry whoop, and set them on aagero
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
 In military garden Paris.
 For soldiers heretofore did grow
 In gardens just as weeds do now;
 Untill some splay-foot politicians
 T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,
 For licensing a new invention
 Th'ad found out of an antique engine,
 To root out all the weeds that grow
 In public gardens at a blow,
 And leave th'herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
 My friends, that is not to be done.
 Not done! quo'statesmen; yes, an't please ye,
 When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easy.
 Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo:
 We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
 A drum! quoth Phœbus, troth that's true,
 A pretty invention quaint and new.

But though of voice and instrument
 We are th'undoubted president;
 We such loud music don't profess:
 The devil's master of that office,
 Where it must pass, if't be a drum;
 He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
 To him apply yourselves, and he
 Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
 They did so; but it prov'd so ill,
 Th'ad better let'em grow there still.
 But to resume what we discoursing
 Were on before, that is, stout Orsin:
 That which so oft by sundry writers
 Has been apply'd t'almost all fighters,
 More justly may b'ascrib'd to this,
 Than any other warrior (viz.)
 None ever acted both parts bolder,
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
 He was of great descent, and high
 For splendor and antiquity,
 And from celestial origine
 Deriv'd himself in a right line:
 Not as the ancient heroes did,
 Who, that their base births might be hid,
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
 And that they came in at windore),
 Made Jupiter himself and othes
 O'th'gods, gallants to their own mothers,
 To get on them a race of champions,
 (Of which old Homer first made lampoons).
 Arctophylax in northern Sphere
 Was his undoubted ancestor:
 From him his great forefathers came;
 And in all ages bore his name.

Learned he was in med'c'nal lore ;
 For by his side a pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange hermetic powder,
 That wounds nine miles point-blank would soulder ;
 By skilful chymist with great cost
 Extracted from a rotten post ;
 But of a heav'nlier influence
 Than that which mountebanks dispense ;
 Though by Promethean fire made,
 As they do quack that drive that trade.
 For as when slovens do amiss
 At others doors, by stool or piss ;
 The learned write, a red-hot spit
 Bring prudently apply'd to it,
 Will convoy mischief from the dung
 Unto the part that did the wrong :
 So this did healing, and as sure
 As that did mischief, this would cure.

Thus virtuous Orfin was endu'd
 With learning, conduct, fortitude,
 Incomparable : and as the prince
 Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
 A skilful leech is better far
 Than half a hundred men of war :
 So he appear'd, and by his skill,
 No less than dint of sword, could kill.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
 With visage formidably grim,
 And rugged as a Saracen,
 Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin :
 Clad in a mantle *della guerre*
 Of rough and impenetrable fur ;
 And in his nose, like Indian king,
 He wore, for ornament, a ring ;

About his neck a threefold gorget,
 As rough as trebled leathern target ;
 Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,
 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged.
 For as the teeth in beasts of prey
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray ;
 So swords, in men of war, are teeth
 Which they do eat their vittle with.
 He was by birth, some authors write,
 A Russian, some a Muscovite ;
 And'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
 Of whom we in diurnals read,
 That serve to fill up pages here,
 As with their bodies ditches there.
 Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
 With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin :
 And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
 And quarter himself upon his paws.
 And though his countrymen, the Huns,
 Did stew their meat between their bums,
 And th' horses backs on which they straddle,
 And ev'ry man eat up his saddle,
 He was not half so nice as they ;
 But eat it raw when't came in's way.
 He had trac'd countries far and near,
 More than Le Blanc the traveller ;
 Who writes, he spous'd in India,
 Of noble house, a lady gay,
 And got on her a race of worthies
 As stout as any upon earth is.
 Full many a fight for him between
 Talgol and Orsin oft had been ;
 Each striving to deserve the crown
 Of a sav'd citizen ; the one

To guard his bear, the other fought
 To aid his dog; both made more stout
 By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,
 Church-fellow membership, and blood;
 But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
 Never got ought of him but blows;
 Blows, hard and heavy, such as he
 Had lent, repaid with usury.

Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought:
 Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,
 And like a champion shone with oil.
 Right many a widow his keen blade,
 And many fatherless, had made.
 He many a boar and huge dun cow
 Did, like another Guy, o'erthrew.
 But Guy with him in fight compa'd,
 Had like the boar and dun cow far'd.
 With greater troops of sheep h'had fought
 Than Ajax, or bold Dom Quixote;
 And many a serpent of fell kind,
 With wings before, and stings behind,
 Subdu'd; as poets say, long agone.
 Bold Sir George, St. George, did the dragon,
 Nor engine, nor device polemic,
 Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
 Though stor'd with deletery med'cines,
 (Which whosoever took is dead since),
 E'er sent so vast a colony
 To both the under worlds as he.
 For he was of that noble trade,
 That demi-gods and heroes made,
 Slaughter, and knocking on the head;
 The trade to which they all were bred;

And

And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
The former rides in triumph for it ;
The latter in a two-whell'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred with vile bungling.

Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame.
Yet when with Orfin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as forest-boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held :
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist.
Nor could the hardest iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.

In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen head ;
Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
As English Merlin for his heart ;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He could transform himself in colour,
As like the devil as a collier ;
As like as hypocrites in show
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter :
The cannon, blunderbuss, and faker,
He was th'inventor of, and maker :
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come.

He was the first that e'er did teach
 To make, and how to stop a breach.
 A lance he bore with iron pike,
 Th'one half would thrust, the other strike :
 And when their forces he had join'd,
 He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright
 Than burnish'd armour of her knight :
 A bold virago, stout and tall,
 As Joan of France, or English Mall.
 Through perils both of wind and limb,
 Through thick and thin she follow'd him,
 In ev'ry adventure h'undertook,
 And never him or it forsook.
 At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
 She shar'd o'th'hazard and the prize :
 At beating quarters up, or forage,
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
 And laid about in fight more busily,
 Than th'Amazonian dame Penthesile.

And though some critics here cry shame,
 And say our authors are to blame.
 That (spite of all philosophers,
 Who hold no females stout, but bears
 And heretofore did so abhor
 That women should pretend to war ;
 They would not suffer the stout'it dame
 To swear by Hercules's name)
 Make feeble ladies, in their works,
 To fight like Termagants and Turks :
 'To lay their native arms aside,
 Their modesty, and ride astride ;
 'To run a tilt at men, and wield
 Their naked tools in open field ;

As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
 And she that would have been the mistress
 Of Gundibert ; but he had grace,
 And rather took a country-lass :
 They say 'tis false, without all sense,
 But of pernicious consequence
 To government, which they suppose
 Can never be upheld in prose :
 Strip nature naked to the skin,
 You'll find about her no such thing.
 It may be so ; yet what we tell
 Of Trulla, that's improbable,
 Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in print :
 And if they will not take our word,
 We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
 Of all his race the valiant'st :
 Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
 Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong :
 He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
 The weak against the strongest side :
 Ill has he read that never hit
 On him, in muses deathless writ :
 He had a weapon keen and fierce,
 That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,
 Though tougher than the knight of Greece his,
 With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
 Was comrade in the ten years war :
 For when the restless Greeks sat down
 So many years, before Troy town,
 And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
 For well-soal'd boots, no less than fights ;

They ow'd that glory only to
 His ancestor, that made them so.
 Fast friend he was to reformation,
 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion.
 Next rectifier of wry law,
 And would make three to cure one flaw.
 Learned he was, and could take note,
 Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote.
 But preaching was his chiefest talent,
 Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,
 He us'd to lay about and sticke,
 Like ram, or bull, at conventicle :
 For disputants, like rams and bulls,
 Do fight with arms that spring from sculls.

Last Colon came, bold man of war,
 Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;
 Right expert in command of horse,
 But cruel, and without remorse.
 That which of Centaur long ago
 Was said, and has been wreted to
 Some other knights was true of this,
 He and his horse were of a piece.
 One spirit did inform them both,
 The self-same vigour, fury, wroth :
 Yet he was much the rougher part,
 And always had a harder heart ;
 Although his horse had been of those
 That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes,
 Strange food for horse ! and yet, alas,
 It may be true, for flesh is grafts.
 Sturdy he was, and no less able
 Than Hercules to clean a stable ;
 As great a drower, and as great
 A critic too, in hog or neat.

He ript the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother,
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himself, and his less cruel steed.

It was a question whether he
Or's horse were of a family
More worshipful : till antiquaries
(After th'd almost por'd out their eyes)

Did very learnedly decide
The bus'ness on the horse's side,
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house :
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th'earth possess.

These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage,
Ready, and longing to engage.
Th'num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres :
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of diff'rent manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs ; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd ;
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
With squire and weapons to attack'em :
But first thus from his horse bespake'em.

What rage, O citizens ! what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry ?

What *œstrum*, what phrenetic mood
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
 While the proud Vies your trophies boast
 And unrevg'd walks — ghost !
 What towns, what garrisons might you
 With hazard of this blood subdue,
 Which now y're bent to throw away
 In vain, untriumphable fray ?
 Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
 Of saints and let the cause lie fallow ?
 The cause for which we fought and ~~wore~~
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er ?
 Then because quarrels still are seen
 With oaths and swearings to begin,
 The solemn league and covenant
 Will seem a mere God-damn-me rant ;
 And we that took it, and have fought,
 As lewd as drunkards that fall out.
 For as we make war for the King
 Against himself, the self-same thing,
 Some will not stick to swear we do :
 For God, and for religion too ;
 For if bear-baiting we allow,
 What good can reformation do ?
 The blood and treasure that's laid out,
 Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
 Are these the fruits o'th' protestation,
 The prototype of reformation,
 Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
 Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,
 When 'twas resolv'd by either house
 Six members quarrel to espouse ?
 Did they for this draw down the rabble,
 With zeal and noises formidable ;

And

And make all cries about the town
 Join throats to cry the bishops down?
 Who having round begirt the palace,
 (As once a month they do the gallows),
 As members gave the sign about,
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.
 When tinkers bawl'd aloud, to settle
 Church-discipline, for patching kettle:
 No sow-gelder did blow his horn
 To geld a cat, but cry'd *Reform*.
 The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
 And trudg'd away, to cry, *No bishop*.
 The mouse-trap-men laid saxe-alls by,
 And 'gainst ev'l counsellors did cry.
 Botchers left old cloaths in the lurch,
 And fell to turn and patch the church.
 Some cry'd the *covenant*, instead
 Of *pudding-spies*, and *ginger-bread*.
 And some for *brooms*, *old boots* and *shoes*,
 Bawl'd out to *Purge the common-houſe*.
 Instead of *kitchen-stuff*, some cry,
A gospel-preaching ministry:
 And some for *old suits*, *coats*, or *cloak*.
No surplices, nor *service-book*.
 A strange harmonious inclination
 Of all degrees to reformation.
 And is this all? is this the end
 To which these carr'ngs on did tend?
 Hath public faith, like a young heir,
 For this ta'en up all sorts of ware,
 And run int'ev'ry tradesman's book,
 Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
 Did saints, for this, bring in their plate,
 And crowd as if they came too late?

For

For when they thought the cause had need on't
 Happy was he that could be rid on't.
 Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
 Int'officers of horse and dragoons;
 And into pikes and musqueteers
 Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
 A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
 Did start up living men, as soon
 As in the furnace they were thrown;
 Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.
 Then was the cause of gold and plate,
 The brethrens off'rings, consecrate,
 Like th'Hebrew calf, and down before it
 The saints fell prostrate, to adore it:
 So say the wicked —— and will you
 Make that scarcasmus scandal true,
 By running after dogs and bears,
 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?
 Have pow'rful preachers ply'd their tongues,
 And laid themselves out and their lungs;
 Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
 I'th'pow'r of gospel-preaching minister?
 Have they invented tones to win
 The women, and make them draw in
 The men, as Indians with a female
 Tame elephant inveigle the male?
 Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
 Discover'd th'enemy's design,
 And which way best to countermine?
 Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
 Or it will ne'er advance the kirk?
 Told it the news o'th'last express,
 And after good or bad success,

Made prayers, not so like petitions,
 As overtures and propositions,
 (Such as the army did present
 To their creator, th' parliament),
 In which they freely will confess,
 They will not, cannot aquiesce,
 Unless the work be carry'd on
 In the same way they have begun,
 By setting church and common-weal
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
 On which the saints were all agog,
 And all this for a bear and dog ?
 The parliament drew up petitions
 To'tself, and sent them, like commissions,
 To well-affected persons down,
 In ev'ry city and great town ;
 With pow'r to levy horse and men,
 Only to bring them back agen :
 For this did many, many a mile,
 Ride manfully in rank and file,
 With papers in their hats, that show'd
 As if they to the pillory rode.
 Have all these courses, these efforts,
 Been try'd by people of all sorts,
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
 And all t'advance the cause's service ?
 And shall all now be thrown away
 In petulant intestine fray ?
 Shall we that in the cov'nant swore,
 Each man of us to run before
 Another still in reformation,
 Give dogs and bears a dispensation ?
 How will dissenting brethren relish it ?
 What will malignants say ? *videlicet,*

That

That each man swore to do his best,
 To damn and perjure all the rest ;
 And bid the devil take the hindmost :
 Which at this race is like to win most.
 They'll say our bus'ness, to reform
 The church and state, is but a worm ;
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
 To an unknown church-discipline,
 What is it else, but beforehand
 T'engage, and after understand ?
 For when we swore to carry on
 The present reformation,
 According to the purest mode
 Of churches best reform'd abroad,
 What did we else but make a vow
 To do we know not what, nor how ?
 For no three of us will agree
 Where, or what churches these should be ;
 And is indeed the self-same case
 With theirs that swore *et caeteras* ;
 Or the French league, in which men vow'd
 To fight to the last drop of blood.
 These flanders will be thrown upon
 The cause and work we carry on,
 If we permit men to run headlong
 T'exorbitances fit for bedlam ;
 Rather than gospel-walking times,
 When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
 But we the matter so shall handle,
 As to remove that odious scandal ;
In name of king and parliament,
 I charge ye all, no more foment
 This feud, but keep the peace between
 Your brethren and your countrymen ;

And

And to those places straight repair,
 Where your respective dwellings are.
 But to that purpose first surrender
 The fiddler, as the prime offender,
 The incendiary vile, that is chief
 Author and engineer of mischief ;
 That makes division between friends,
 For prophane and malignant ends.
 He, and that engine of vile noise,
 On which illegally he plays,
 Shall, *dictum factum*, both be brought
 To condign punishment, as they ought.
 This must be done, and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay :
 For then I'll take another course,
 And soon reduce you all by force.
 This said, he clapt his hand on sword,
 To shew he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long supprest
 Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
 Which now began to rage and burn as
 Implacably as flame in furnace,
 Thus answer'd him : Thou vermin wretched
 As e'er in measted pork was hatched ;
 Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
 On rump of justice as of cow ;
 How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
 O'th'self, old ir'n, and other baggage,
 With which thy steed of bones and leather
 Has broke his wind in halting hither ;
 How durst th', I say, adventure thus
 T'oppose thy lumber against us ?
 Could thine impertinence find out
 No work t'employ itself about,

Where

Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
 Thy busy vanity might' st show?
 Was no dispute afoot between
 The caterwauling brethren?
 No subtle question rais'd among
 Those out-o'-their wits, and those i'th' wrong;
 No prize between those combatants
 O'th'times, the land and water saints;
 Where thou might' st stickle without hazard
 Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard;
 And not for want of bus'ness come
 To us to be thus troublesome,
 To interrupt our better fort
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
 Was'there no felony, no bawd,
 Cut-purse, nor burglary abroad?
 No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,
 To tie thee up from breaking loose?
 No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
 For which thou statute might' st alledge,
 To keep thee busy from foul evil,
 And shame due to thee from the devil?
 Did no committee sit, where he
 Might cut out journey-work for thee;
 And set the'a task, with subornation,
 To stitch up sale and sequestration,
 To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
 All parties and the common-weal?
 Much better had it been for thee,
 H'had kept thee where th'art us'd to be;
 Or sent th'on bus'ness any whither,
 So he had never brought thee hither.
 But if th'haft brain enough in scull
 To keep itself in lodging whole,

And

And not provoke the rage of stones
 And cudgels to thy hide and bones ;
 Tremble, and vanish, while thou mayst,
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
 At this the knight grew high in wroth,
 And lifting hands and eyes up both,
 Three times he smote on stomach stout,
 From whence at length these words broke out.

Was I for this intitled Sir,
 And girt with trusty sword and spur,
 For fame and honour to wage battle,
 Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle ?
 Not all that pride that makes thee swell
 As big as thou dost blown-up veal ;
 Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
 And sell thy carrion for good meat ;
 Not all thy magic to repair
 Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
 Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
 And stop the gangrene in stale pork ;
 Not all that force that makes thee proud,
 Because by bullock ne'er withstood ;
 Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
 And axes made to hew down lives,
 Shall save or help thee to evade
 The hand of justice, or this blade,
 Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
 For civil deed and military.
 Nor shall these words of venom base,
 Which thou hast from their native place,
 Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
 Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
 Thou down the same throat shall devour 'em,
 Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.

Nor

And

Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight
 With ganlet blue, and bases white,
 And round blunt truncheon by his side,
 So great a man at arms defy'd
 With words far bitterer than wormwood,
 That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
 Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
 But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
 His gunshot, that in holsters watch'd ;
 And bending cock, he levell'd full
 Against th'outside of Talgol's scull ;
 Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
 Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther.
 But Pallas came in shape of rust,
 And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
 Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock
 Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
 Mean while fierce Talgol gath'ring might,
 With rugged truncheon, charg'd the knight ;
 But he with Petronel upheav'd,
 Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.
 The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
 Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
 And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
 Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
 Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
 Drew out his sword ; yet not so fast,
 But Talgol first with hardy thwack
 Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back,
 But when his nut-brown sword was out,
 With stomach huge he laid about,
 Imprinting many a wound upon
 His mortal foe, the truncheon ;

The trusty cudgel did oppose
 Itself against dead-doing blows,
 To guard its leader from fell bane,
 And then reveng'd itself again,
 And though the sword, some understood,
 In force had much the odds of wood,
 'Twas nothing so ; both sides were ballanc'd
 So equal, none knew which was valiant'st :
 For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,
 Is so implacably enrag'd ; .
 Though iron hew and mangle sore,
 Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
 And now both knights were out of breath,
 Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death ;
 Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
 Expecting which should take, or kill.
 This Hudibras observ'd ; and fretting,
 Conquest should be so long a-getting,
 He drew up all his force into
 One body, and that into one blow.
 But Talgol wisely avoided it
 By cunning sleight ; for had it hit,
 The upper of him the blow
 Had slit, as sure as that below.

Mean while th'incomparable Colon,
 To aid his friend, began to fall on :
 Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
 A dismal combat 'twixt them two ;
 Th' one arm'd with metal, th'other with wood,
 This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
 With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
 Hard crab-tree and old iron rang ;
 While none that saw them could divine
 To which side conquest would incline,

Until

Until Magnano, who did envy
 That two should with so many men vie,
 By subtle stratagem of brain
 Perform'd what force could ne'er attain :
 For he, by foul hap, having found
 Where thistles grew on barren ground,
 In haste he drew his weapon out,
 And having cropt them from the root,
 He clapp'd them underneath the tail
 Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
 The angry beast did straight resent
 The wrong done to his fundament,
 Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
 As if h'd been beside his sense,
 Striving to disengage from thistle
 That gall'd him sorely under his tail :
 Instead of which he threw the pack
 Of squire, and baggage from his back ;
 And blund'ring still with smarting rump,
 He gave the knight's steed such a thump
 As made him reel. The knight did steep,
 And sat on further side aslope.
 This Talgol viewing, who had now
 By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,
 He rally'd, and again fell to't ;
 For catching foe by nearer foot,
 He list'd with such might and strength,
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
 And dash'd his brains (if any) out ;
 But Mars, that still protects the stout,
 In pudding-time came to his aid,
 And under him the bear convey'd ;
 The bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
 The knight with all his weight fell down.

The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
 And headlong knight, from bruise or wound ;
 Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
 And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
 As Sancho on a blanket fell,
 And had no hurt ; ours far'd as well
 In body, though his mighty spirit,
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
 The bear was in a greater fright,
 Beat down and worsted by the knight.
 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
 To shake off bondage from his snout.
 His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
 His jaws of death he threw the foam ;
 Fury in stranger postures threw him,
 And more than ever herald drew him :
 He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
 From squelch of knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
 And vex'd the more, because the harms
 He felt were 'against the law of arms :
 For men he always took to be
 His friends, and dogs his enemy ;
 Who never so much hurt had done him,
 As his own side did falling on him ;
 It griev'd him to the guts, that they
 For whom h'had fought so many a fray,
 And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
 Should offer such inhumane wrong ;
 Wrong of unsoldier-like condition ;
 For which he flung down his commission ;
 And laid about him, till his nose
 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
 Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,

And

The

And made way through th'amazed crew ;
 Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
 But took none ; for by hasty flight
 He strove t'escape pursuit of knight :
 From whom he fled with as much haste
 And dread, as he the rabble chas'd.
 In haste he fled, and so did they,
 Each in his fear a sev'ral way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
 Not stirring from the place he held,
 Though beaten down, and wounded sore,
 I'th'fiddle, and a leg that bore
 One side of him, not that of bone ;
 But much its better, th'wooden one.
 He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
 Upon the ground, like log of wood,
 With fright of fall, supposed wound,
 And loss of urine, in a swoon,
 In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
 That hurt in th'ancle lay by him,
 And fitting it for sudden fight,
 Straight drew it up, t'attack the knight ;
 For getting up on stump and huckle,
 He with the foe began to buckle,
 Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
 Of croud and skin upon the wretch,
 Sole author of all detriment
 He and his fiddle underwent.

But Ralpho (who had now begun
 T'adventure resurrection
 From heavy squelch, and had got up
 Upon his legs with sprained crup)
 Looking about, beheld pernicious
 Approaching knight from fell musician.

He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
(As rats do from a falling house),
To hide itself from rage of blows;
And wing'd with speed and fury flew,
To rescue knight from black and blue.
Which ere he could atchieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen,
When Ralpho thrust himself between.
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the knight from further harm;
And joining wrath with force bestow'd
On th'wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propt before.
To him the squire right nimbly run,
And setting conqu'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy
Made thee, thou whelp of sin, to fancy
Thyself and all that coward rabble,
T'encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship?
And Hudibras, or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th'other half of thee as good
To bear out blows, as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail
With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ancle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt — but first our care
Must see how Hudibras doth fare.

This

This said, he gently rais'd the knight,
 And set him on his bum upright :
 To rouse him from lethargic dump,
 He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
 Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within.
 They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
 From inward room, to window-eye,
 And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
 Look out, but yet with some amazement.
 This gladded Ralph much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the knight : Quoth he,
 Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
 A self-denying conqueror;
 As high, victorious, and great,
 As e'er fought for the churches yet,
 If you will give yourself but leave
 To make out what y'already have ;
 That's victory. The foe, for dread
 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
 All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
 You did th'espous'd cause undertake :
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
 To be dispos'd, as you think meet,
 Either for life, or death, or sale,
 The gallows, or perpetual jail.
 For one wink of your pow'rful eye
 Must sentence him to live or die.
 His fiddle is your proper purchase,
 Won in the service of the churches ;
 And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a crowd.
 For though success did not confer
 Just title on the conqueror ;

Though

Though dispensations were not strong
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong ;
 Although outgoings did confirm,
 And owning were but a mere term :
 Yet as the wicked have no right
 To th'creature, though usurp'd by might,
 The property is in the saint,
 From whom th'injuriously detain't ;
 Of him they hold their luxuries,
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites,
 All which the saints have title to,
 And ought t'enjoy, if th'had their due.
 What we take from them is no more
 Than what was ours by right before.
 For we are their true landlords still,
 And they our tenants but at will.
 At this the knight began to rouse,
 And by degrees grow valorous.
 He star'd about, and seeing none
 Of all his foes remain, but one,
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
 And from the ground began to rear him ;
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay
 For all the rest that ran away.
 But Ralph now, in colder blood,
 His fury mildly thus withstood :
 Great, Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
 Is rais'd too high : this slave does merit
 To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner
 Than from your hand to have the honour
 Of his destruction : I that am
 A nothingness in deed and name,

Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
 Or ill intreat his fiddle or case :
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot ?
 Will you employ your conqu'ring sword,
 To break a fiddle and your word ?
 For though I fought, and overcame,
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
 For great commanders always own
 What's prosperous by the soldier done.
 To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
 Argues your pow'r above your will ;
 And that your will and pow'r have less
 Than both might have of selfishness.
 This pow'r, which now alive, with dread
 He trembles at, if he were dead,
 Would no more keep the slave in awe :
 Than if you were a knight of straw :
 For death would then be his conqueror,
 Not you, and free him from that terror.
 If danger from his life accrue,
 Or honour from his death, to you ;
 'Twere policy and honour too,
 To do as you resolv'd to do :
 But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
 To say it needs or fears a crutch.
 Great conqu'rors greater glory gain
 By foes in triumph led, than slain :
 The laurels that adorn their brows
 Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
 And living foes : the greatest fame
 Of cripple slain can be but lame.
 One half of him's already slain,
 The other is not worth your pain ;

Th'honour

Th' honour can but on one side light,
 As worship did when y'were dubb'd knight,
 Wherefore I think it better far,
 To keep him prisoner of war ;
 And let him fast in bonds abide,
 At court of justice to be try'd :
 Where if h'appear so bold or crafty,
 There may be danger in his safety :
 If any member there dislike
 His face, or to his beard have pique ;
 Or if his death will save or yield,
 Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd ;
 Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless
 Y'have pow'r to hang him when you please ;
 This has been often done by some
 Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom :
 And has by most of us been held
 Wise justice, and to some reveal'd.
 For words and promises, that yoke
 The conqueror, are quickly broke ;
 Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
 Direction and advice put on.
 For if we should fight for the cause
 By rules of military laws,
 And only do what they call just,
 The cause would quickly fall to dust.
 This we among ourselves may speak ;
 But to the wicked or the weak,
 We must be cautious to declare
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle
 Of knight began to cool and settle.
 He lik'd the squire's advice, and soon
 Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done :

And therefore charg'd him first to bind
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
 And to its former place and use
 The wooden member to reduce ;
 But force it take an oath before,
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
 And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
 He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
 To lead the captive of his sword
 In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
 And them to further service brought.
 The squire in state rode on before,
 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
 The trophy fiddle and the case,
 Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
 The knight himself did after ride,
 Leading Crowdero by his side ;
 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
 Like boat against the tide and wind.
 Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,
 Until quite through the town th'had gone ;
 At further end of which there stands
 An ancient castle, that commands
 Th' adjacent parts ; in all the fabric
 You shall not see one stone, nor a brick,
 But all of wood, by pow'rful spell
 Of magic made impregnable :
 There's neither iron bar nor gate,
 Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate ;
 And yet men durance there abide,
 In dungeons scarce three inches wide ;
 With roof so low, that under it
 They never stand, but lie or sit ;

And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
 Is to the middle-leg in prison ;
 In circle m:agical confin'd,
 With walls of subtil air and wind ;
 Which none are able to break thorough,
 Until they're freed by head of borough.
 Thither arriv'd, th'advent'rous Knight
 And bold squire from their steeds alight,
 At th'outward wall, near which there stands
 A bastile, built t'imprison hands ;
 By strange enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser parts, and free the greater :
 For though the body may creep through,
 The hands in grate are fast enough :
 And when a circle, 'bout the wrist
 Is made by beadle exorcist,
 The body feels the spur and switch,
 As if 'twere ridden post by witch,
 At twenty miles an hour pace,
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
 On top of this there is a spire,
 On which Sir Knight first bids the squire,
 The fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
 In manner of a trophy, place.
 That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
 And let Crowdero down thereat,
 Crowdero making doleful face,
 Like hermit poor in pensive place,
 To dungeon they the wretch commit,
 And the survivor of his feet :
 But th'other that had broke the peace,
 And head of knighthood, they release,
 Though a delinquent false and forged,
 Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged ;

While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place ; the knight does tally,
And is made pris'ner : then they seize
Th'enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the squire in's place ;
I should have first said Hudibras.

A Y me ! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron !
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps !
For though dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say,
I'th'ditty call'd, *What if a day :*
For Hudibras, who thought h'had won
The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop ;
Thinking h'had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the churches ;
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by *bolder-forth*,

And register'd by fame eternal,
 In deathless pages of durnal ;
 Found in few minutes to his cost,
 He did but count without his host ;
 And that a turnstile is more certain
 Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted rout,
 O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
 Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
 From bloody fray of knight and bear,
 (All but the dogs, who in pursuit
 Of the knights victory stood to't,
 And most ignobly fought, to get
 The honour of his blood and sweat),
 Seeing the coast was free and clear
 O'th'conquer'd and the conquerer,
 Took heart again, and fac'd about,
 As if they meant to stand it out :
 For by this time the routed bear,
 Attack'd by th'enemy i'th'rear,
 Finding their number grew too great
 For him to make a safe retreat,
 Like a bold chieftain fac'd about ;
 But wisely doubting to hold out,
 Gave way to fortune, and with haste
 Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd ;
 Retiring still, until he found
 H'had got th'advantage of the ground ;
 And then as valiantly made head,
 To check the foe, and forthwith fled ;
 Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
 Of warriour stout and politic ;
 Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
 He gain'd a pass to hold dispute

On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forced their whole body to recoil ;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppres'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune ;
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy, i'th'greatest throng.
But what could single valour do,
Against so numerous a foe ?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th'odds were such.
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good ;
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was suddenly inclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the mastives, charging home,
To blows and handygripes were come :
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself, to shew how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
I'th'enemy, that one should beard

So many warriors, and so stout,
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,
 Disdaining to lay down his arms,
 And yield on honourable terms.
 Enraged thus, some in the rear
 Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
 Till down he fell ; yet falling fought,
 And, being down, still laid about :
 As Widdrington in doleful dumps,
 Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But, all, alas ! had been in vain,
 And he inevitably slain,
 If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,
 To rescue him had not been quick :
 For Trulla, who was light of foot,
 As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
 { But not so light as to be born
 Upon the ears of standing corn,
 Or trip it o'er the water quicker
 Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
 As some report), was got among
 The foremost of the martial throng :
 There pitying the vanquish'd bear,
 She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
 Viewing the bloody fight, To whom,
 Shall we, quoth she, stand still hum drum,
 And see stout Bruin all alone,
 By numbers basely overthrown ?
 Such feats already h'has atchiev'd,
 In story not to be believed ;
 And 'twould to us be shame enough,
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.
 I would, quoth he, venture a limb
 To second thee, and rescue him ;

But

But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late ;
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.

This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground ;
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th'amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.

Mean while th'approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin :
The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd.
First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their mastives loos'd their hold :
And yet, alas ! do what they could,
The warstèd bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before.
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the Pagan heel :
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him, but the other end :
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel.
For as an Austrian Archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Close to his head ; so Bruin fat'd :
But tugg'd and pull'd on th'other side,
Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd ;
Or like the late corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.

But gentle Trulla, into th'ring
 He wore in's nose, convey'd a string,
 With which she march'd before, and led
 The warrior to a grassy bed,
 As authors write, in a cool shade,
 Which eglantine and roses made ;
 Close by a softly murmur'ring stream,
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream,
 There leaving him to his repose,
 Secured from pursuit of foes,
 And wanting nothing but a song,
 And a well-tun'd Theorbo hung
 Upon a bough, to ease the pain
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd ; with a strain
 They both drew up, to march in quest
 Of his great leader, and the rest.

For Orsin (who was more renown'd
 For stout maintaining of his ground
 In standing fight, than for pursuit,
 As being not so quick of foot)
 Was not long able to keep pace
 With others that pursu'd the chace ;
 But found himself left far behind,
 Both out of heart, and out of wind ;
 Griev'd to behold his bear pursu'd
 So basely by a multitude ;
 And like to fall, not by the prowes,
 But numbers of his coward foes.
 He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas ;
 Forcing the valleys to repeat
 The accents of his sad regret.
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
 For loss of his dear crony bear :

That

That Echo, from the hollow ground,
 His doleful wailings did resound
 More wistfully, by many times,
 Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,
 That make her, in their rueful stories,
 To answer to int'rrogatories,
 And most unconscionably depose
 To things of which she nothing knows :
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis wretched to the lover's fancy.
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
 Art thou fled to my —— Echo, *ruin* ?
 I thought th'hadst scorn'd to budge a step,
 For fear. Quoth Echo, *Marry guep*.
 Am not I here to take thy part ?
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart ?
 Have these bones rattled, and this head
 So often in thy quarrel bled ?
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
 For thy dear sake. Quoth she, *Mum budget*.
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i'th' dish
 Thou turn'st thy back ? Quoth Echo, *Pib*,
 To run from those th'hadst overcome
 Thus cowardly ? Quoth Echo, *Mum*.
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly
 From me too, as thine enemy ?
 Or if thou hast no thought of me,
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
 Yet shame and honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning tail :
 For who would grutch to spend his blood in
 His honour's cause ? Quoth she, *A puddin*.
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd ;

Thirst

Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
 Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
 He vow'd the authors of his wo
 Should equal vengeance undergo ;
 And with their bones and flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd, and his bear.
 This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
 And rage he hasted to proceed
 To action straight, and giving o'er
 To search for Bruin any more,
 He went in quest of Hudibras,
 To find out where-e'er he was ;
 And, if he were above ground, vow'd
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a furlong on
 This resolute adventure gone,
 When he encounter'd with that crew
 Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
 Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
 Did equally their breasts inflame.
 'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
 And Talgol, foe to Hudibras :
 Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout,
 And resolute, as ever fought :
 Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke.

Shall we, quoth he, thus basely brook
 The vile affront that paltry aſs
 And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,
 With that more paltry ragamuffin,
 Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
 Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
 As if th'ad routed us in battle ?
 For my part, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
 I for the washing gave my head :

Nor did I turn my back for fear
 O'th'rascals, but loss of my bear,
 Which now I'm like to undergo ;
 For whether those fell wounds, or no,
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
 Is more than all my skill can foretel ;
 Nor do I know what is become
 Of him, more than the pope of Rome.
 But I can but find them out
 That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,
 Where-e'er th'in hugger-mugger lurk),
 I'll make them rue their handy-work ;
 And wish that they had rather dar'd
 To pull the devil by the beard.

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th'haft
 Great reason to do as thou say'ft,
 And so has ev'ry body here,
 As well as thou haft, or thy bear.
 Others may do as they see good ;
 But if this twig be made of wood
 That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
 Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur ;
 And t'other mungrel vermin, Ralph,
 That brav'd us all in his behalf.
 Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,
 Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill :
 Myself and Trulla made a shift
 To help him out at a dead lift ;
 And having brought him bravely off,
 Have left him where he's safe enough :
 There let him rest ; for if we stay,
 The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
 Their forces in the same design :

And

And forthwith put themselves in search
 Of Hudibras upon their march.
 Where leave we them a while to tell
 What the victorious knight befel ;
 For such, Crowdero being fast
 In dungeon shut, we left him last.
 Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
 No where so green as on his brow :
 Laden with which, as well as tir'd
 With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd
 Unto a neighb'ring castle by,
 To rest his body, and apply
 Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
 He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues,
 To mollify th'uneasy pang
 Of ev'ry honourable bang,
 Which be'ng by skilful midwife drest,
 He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. H'ad got a hurt
 On th'inside, of a deadlier sort,
 By Cupid made, who took his stand
 Upon a widow's jointure-land,
 (For he, in all his am'rous battles,
 No'advantage finds like goods and chattles),
 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
 Let fly an arrow at the knight ;
 The shaft against a rib did glance,
 And gall'd him in the purtenance.
 But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
 After he found his suit in vain,
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
 (That belly that so oft did ake,
 And suffer griping for her sake ;

Till

Till purging comfits and ants eggs,
 Had almost brought him off his legs),
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
 That old Pyg — (what d'y call him) malion,
 That cut his mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard a hearted one.
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;
 'Mong which one crofs-grain'd freak she had,
 As insolent as strange and mad :
 She could love none but only such
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 Twas a strange riddle of a lady,
 Not love, if any lov'd her : hey day !
 So cowards never use their might,
 But against such as will not fight.
 So some diseases have been found
 Only to seize upon the sound.
 He that gets her by heart, must say her
 The back way, like a witch's prayer.
 Mean while the knight had no small task,
 To compass what he durst not ask :
 He loves, but dares not make the motion ;
 Her ignorance is his devotion :
 Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
 Rides with his face to rump of steed ;
 Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
 Look one way, and another move :
 Or like a tumbler, that does play
 His game, and look another way,
 Until he seize upon the coney :
 Just so does he by matrimony.
 But all in vain ; her subtle snout
 Did quickly wind his meaning out ;

Which

Which she return'd with too much scorn,
 To be by man of honour born :
 Yet much he bore, until the distress
 He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress,
 Did stir his stomach, and the pain
 He had endur'd from her disdain,
 Turn'd to regret, so resolute,
 That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
 And either to renounce her quite,
 Or for a while play leaſt in fight.
 This resolution b'ing put on,
 He kept some months, and more had done ;
 But being brought so nigh by fate,
 The victory he atchiev'd so late
 Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
 A door to discontinu'd hope,
 That seem'd to promise he might win
 His dame too, now his hand was in ;
 And that his valour, and the honour
 H'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her :
 These reasons made his mouth to water
 With am'rous longings to be at her,
 Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows
 But this brave conquest o'er my foes
 May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
 As I but now have forc'd the troop ?
 If nothing can opugn love,
 And virtue invious ways can prove,
 What may not he confide to do
 That brings both love and virtue too ?
 But thou bring'ſt valour too and wit,
 Two things that seldom fail to hit,
 Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
 Which women oft are taken in.

Then,

Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
 To be, that art a conqueror?
 Fortune th'audacious doth *juware*,
 But let's the timidous miscarry.
 Then while the honour thou hast got
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
 And trust thy fortune with the rest.
 Such thoughts as these the knight did keep,
 More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep.
 And as an owl that in a barn
 Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
 As if he slept, until he spies
 The little beast within his reach,
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch :
 So from his couch the knight did start,
 To seize upon the widow's heart,
 Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,
 Ralpho, dispatch, To horse, to horse.
 And 'twas but time ; for now the rout,
 We left engag'd to seek him out,
 By speedy marches were advanc'd
 Up to the fort where he ensconc'd ;
 And all th'avenues had possest
 About the place, from east to west.

That done, a while they made a halt,
 To view the ground, and where t'assault :
 Then call'd a council, which was best,
 By siege or onslaught, to invest
 The enemy ; and 'twas agreed.
 By storm and onslaught to proceed.
 This b'ing resolved, in comely sort
 They now drew up t'attack the fort ;

When

When Hudibras, about to enter
 Upon another-gate's adventure,
 To Ralph^o call'd aloud to arm,
 Not dreaming of approaching storm.
 Whether dame Fortune, or the care
 Of angel bad, or tutelar,
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
 To which he was an utter stranger ;
 That foresight might, or might not blot
 The glory he had newly got ;
 Or to his shame it might be said,
 They took him napping in his bed :
 To them we leave it to expound,
 That deal in sciences profound.

His courser scarce he had bestrid,
 And Ralph^o that on which he rid,
 When setting ope the postern gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
 Ready to charge them in the field.
 This somewhat startled the bold knight,
 Surpriz'd with th'unexpected sight :
 The bruises of his bones and flesh
 He thought began to smart afresh :
 Till recollecting wonted courage,
 His fear was soon converted to rage,
 And thus he spoke : The coward foe,
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,
 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears
 As if they had outrun their fears ;
 The glory we did lately get,
 The fates command us to repeat ;
 And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.

This

This is the same numeric crew
 Which we so lately did subdue ;
 Tho self-same individuals, that
 Did run, as mice do from a cat,
 When we courageously did wield
 Our martial weapons in the field,
 To tug for victory : and when
 We shall our shining blades agen
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
 They'll straight resume their wonted dreads :
 Fear is an ague, that forsakes
 And haunts by fits those whom it takes :
 And they'll opine they feel the pain
 And blows they felt to-day, again.
 Then let us boldly charge them home,
 And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,
 He call'd upon his mistress' name,
 His pistol next he cock'd anew,
 And out his nut-brown whinyard drew :
 And, placing Ralpho in the front,
 Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt ;
 As expert warriors use : then ply'd
 With iron heel his courser's side,
 Conveying sympathetic speed
 From heel of knight to heel of steed.

Mean while the foe, with equal rage
 And speed, advancing to engage,
 Both parties now were drawn so close,
 Almost to come to handy-blows.
 When Orsin first let fly a stone
 At Ralpho ; not so huge a one
 As that which Diomed did maul
 Aeneas on the bum withal ;

Yet

Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
 T'have sent him to another world,
 Whether above ground, or below,
 Which saints twice dipt are destin'd to.
 The danger startled the bold squire,
 And made him some few steps retire.
 But Hudibras advanc'd to his aid,
 And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd.
 He wisely doubting left the shot
 O'th'enemy, now growing hot,
 Might at a distance gall, press'd close,
 To come pell-mell to handy blows,
 And, that he might their aim decline,
 Advanc'd still in an oblique line ;
 But prudently forbore to fire,
 Till breast to breast he had got nigher :
 As expert-warriors use to do,
 When hand 'to hand they charge their foe.
 This order the advent'rous knight,
 Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,
 When Fortune, as she's wont, turn'd fickle,
 And for the foe began to fickle.
 The more shame for her goodyship,
 To give so near a friend the slip.
 For Colon, chusing out a stone,
 Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon
 His manly paunch, with such a force,
 As almost beat him off his horse.
 He lost his whinyard, and the rein ;
 But laying fast hold of the mane,
 Preserv'd his seat : and as a goose
 In death contracts his talons close ;
 So did the knight, and with one claw
 The trickler of his pistol draw.

The gun went off : and as it was
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
 In all his feats of arms, when least
 He dream'd of it, to prosper best ;
 So now he far'd : the shot let fly
 At random 'mong the enemy,
 Pierc'd Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing
 Upon his shoulder in the passing,
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
 Who straight *A surgeon* cry'd, *A surgeon* :
 He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
 Did *Murder, murder, murder* yell,
 This startled their whole body so,
 That if the knight had not let go
 His arms, but been in warlike plight,
 H'had won, the second time, the fight.
 As, if the squire had but fall'n on,
 He had inevitably done :
 But he, diverted with the care
 Of Hudibras his hurt, forbare
 To press th'advantage of his fortune,
 While danger did the rest dishearten.
 For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
 In close encounter, they both wag'd
 The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
 Which side was like to get the day.
 And now the busy work of death
 Had tir'd them so, th'agreed to breath,
 Preparing to renew the fight ;
 When the disaster of the knight
 And th'other party did divert
 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
 Ralphe pres'd up to Hudibras,
 And Cerdon where Magnano was ;

Each

Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements, and hearty.

Quoth Ralph, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up; once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you knew
To use your victory as subdue,
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from so formidable a soldier
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder game to play
Than yet y'have had, to get the day.

Thus spoke the stout squire; but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harange;
To which he answer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The clotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound
Or trivial basting, to despont:

Yet

Yet I'd be loath my days to curtail ;
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
 Or that we'd time enough as yet
 To make an hon'able retreat ;
 'Twere the best course : but if they find
 We fly, and leave our arms behind,
 For them to seize on ; the dishonour,
 And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
 Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
 To let them see I am no stater.
 In all the trade of war, no fear
 Is nobler than a brave retreat :
 For those that run away, and fly,
 Take place at least o'th' enemy.

This said, the squire with active speed
 Dismounted from his bonny steed ;
 To seize the arms, which by mischance
 Fell from the bold knight in a trance.
 These being found out, and restor'd
 To Hudibras their nat'ral lord,
 As a man may say, with might and main
 He hasted to get up again.
 Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
 But, by his weighty bum, as oft
 He was pull'd back, till having found
 Th'advantage of the rising ground,
 Thither he led his warlike steed,
 And having plac'd him right, with speed
 Prepar'd again to scale the beast :
 When Orfin, who had newly drest
 The bloody scar upon the shoulder
 Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,
 And now was searching for the shot
 That laid Magnano on the spot,

Beheld the sturdy squire aforesaid
 Preparing to climb up his horse-side :
 He left his cure, and laying hold
 Upon his arms, with courage bold,
 Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
 The enemy begin to rally ;
 Let us that are unhurt and whole,
 Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a thunderbolt
 He flew with fury to th'assault,
 Striving th'enemy to attack
 Before he reach'd his horse's back.
 Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
 O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
 Wriggling his body to recover
 His seat, and cast his right leg over ;
 When Orfin rushing in, bestow'd
 On horse and man so heavy a load,
 The beast was startled, and begun
 To kick and fling like mad, and run,
 Bearing the tough squire like a sack,
 Or stout King Richard, on his back ;
 Till stumbling, he threw him down,
 Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.
 Mean while the knight began to rouse
 The sparkles of his wonted prowess :
 He thrust his hand into his hose,
 And found both by his eyes and nose,
 'Twas only choler, and not blood,
 That from his wounded body flow'd.
 This, with the hazard of the squire,
 Inflam'd him with despightful ire ;
 Courageously he fac'd about,
 And drew his other pistol out ;

And

And now had half way bent the cock,
 When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
 With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
 That down it fell, and did no harm :
 Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
 Essay'd to pull him off his steed.
 The knight his sword had only left,
 With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
 Or at the least cropt off a limb,
 But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.
 He with his lance attack'd the knight
 Upon his quarters opposite.
 But as a bark, that in foul weather,
 Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
 Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
 And knows not which to turn him to :
 So far'd the knight between two foes,
 And knew not which of them t'oppose ;
 Till Orsin, charging with his lance
 At Hudibras, by spiteful chance,
 Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd
 And laid him flat upon the ground.
 At this the knight began to chear up,
 And raising up himself on stirrup,
 Cry'd out, *Victoria* : lie thou there,
 And I shall straight dispatch another
 To bear thee company in death :
 But first I'll halt a while and breath.
 As well he might ; for Orsin, griev'd
 At th'wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
 Ran to relieve him with his lore,
 And cure the hurt he gave before.
 Mean while the knight had wheel'd about,
 To breathe himself, and next find out

Th'advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware :
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy :
And seeing th'enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
Then like a warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial art,
The subtle knight straight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th'assault,
Until he had reliev'd the squire,
And then, in order, to retire ;
Or, as occasion should invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralphe, by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
Though sorely bruis'd ; his limbs all o'er
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore :
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone ;
When Hudibras to aid him came.

Quoth he, and call'd him by his name,
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won ;
The foe is profligate and run ;
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand has sent to their long home ;
And some lie sprauling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.

Cæsar

Cæsar himself could never say
 He got two vict'ries in a day ;
 As I have done, that can say, Twice I
 In one day, *vni*, *vidi*, *vici*.
 The foe's so numerous, that we
 Cannot so often *vincere*,
 As they *perire*, and yet know
 Be left to strike an after-blow ;
 Then left they rally, and once more
 Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
 Get up and mount thy steed, dispatch,
 And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were
 In case for action, now be here ;
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
 An arse, for fear of being bang'd.
 It was for you I got these harms,
 Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.
 The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
 Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
 My limbs of strength : unless you stoop,
 And reach your hand to pull me up,
 I shall lie here, and be a prey
 To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not, quoth Hudibras ;
 We read the ancients held it was
 More honourable far, *servare*
Give'm, than slay an adversary ;
 The one we oft to-day have done ;
 The other shall dispatch anon :
 And though th'art of a diff'rent church,
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.
 This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
 And steer'd him gently tow'r'd the squire,

Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
 His hands out, and at Ralpho reach'd ;
 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
 Charg'd him like lightening behind.
 She had been long in search about
 Magnano's wound, to find it out ;
 But could find none, nor where the shot
 That had so startled him, was got.
 But having found the worst was past,
 She fell to her own work at last,
 The pillage of the prisoners,
 Which in all feats of arms was hers :
 And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
 When Hudibras his hard fate drew
 To succour him ; for, as he bow'd
 To help him up, she laid a load
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
 On t'other side, that down he fell.
 Yield, scoundrel base, (quoth she), or die ;
 'Thy life is mine, and liberty :
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
 To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
 I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
 Thy arms and baggage now my right :
 And if thou hast the heart to try't,
 I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
 And once more for that carcase vile,
 Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras,
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lais,
 And I shall take thee at thy word,
 First let me rise, and take my sword :
 That sword which has so oft this day
 Through squadrons of my foes made way,

And

And some to other worlds dispatch'd,
 Now with a feeble spinster match'd,
 Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd,
 By which no honour's to be gain'd.
 But if thou'l take m'advice in this,
 Consider whilst thou mayst, what 'tis
 To interrupt a victor's course,
 B'opposing such a trivial force ;
 For if with conquest I come off,
 (And that I shall do sure enough),
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace
 By law of arms in such a case ;
 Both which I now do offer freely.
 I scorn, quoth she, thou coxcomb silly,
 (Clapping her hand upon her breech,
 To shew how much she priz'd his speech),
 Quarter, or counsel from a foe :
 If thou canst force me to it, do.
 But lest it should again be said,
 When I have once more won thy head,
 I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
 Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This said, she to her tackle fell,
 And on the knight let fall a peal
 Of blows so fierce, and pres'd so home,
 That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.
 Stand to't, quoth she, or yield to mercy ;
 It is not fighting arsie-versie
 Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
 More than the danger he was in,
 The blows he felt, or was to feel,
 Although th'already made him reel ;
 Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
 At once into his stomach came ;

Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
 Above his head, and rain'd a storm
 Of blows so terrible and thick,
 As if he meant to hash her quick.
 But she upon her truncheon took them,
 And by oblique diversion broke them,
 Waiting an opportunity
 To pay all back with usury :
 Which long she fail'd not of ; for now
 The knight with one dead-doing blow
 Resolving to decide the fight,
 And she with quick and cunning flight
 Avoiding it, the force and weight
 He charg'd upon it was so great,
 As almost sway'd him to the ground.
 No sooner she th'advantage found,
 But in she flew ; and seconding
 With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
 She laid him flat upon his side ;
 And mounting on his trunk astride,
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come
 Of all thy vapouring, base scum.
 Say, will the law of arms allow
 I may have grace and quarter now ?
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
 And stain thine honour, than thy sword ?
 A man of war to damn his soul,
 In basely breaking his parole ;
 And when before the fight th'hadst vow'd
 To give no quarter in cold blood :
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
 To make me 'gainst my will take quarter,
 Why dost not put me to the sword,
 But cowardly fly from thy word ?

Quoth

Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own ;
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down :
 My laurels are transplanted now,
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow :
 My loss of honour's great enough,
 Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff :
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
 But cannot blur my lost renown :
 I am not now in fortunes pow'r ;
 He that is down can fall no lower.
 The ancient heroes were illustrious
 For being benign, and not blustrious,
 Against a vanquish'd foe ; their swords
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words ?
 And did in fight but cut work out
 T'employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, Although thou hast deserv'd,
 Base flubberdegullion to be serv'd
 As thou didst vow to deal with me,
 If thou hadst got the victory ;
 Yet I shall rather act a part
 That suits my fame than thy desert.
 Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
 All that's on th'outside of thy hide,
 Are mine by military law,
 Of which I will not bate one straw :
 The rest, thy life and limbs once more,
 Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
 For me to treat, or stipulate ;
 What thou command'st, I must obey.
 Yet those whom I expugn'd to-day,
 Of thine own party, I let go,
 And gave them life and freedom too ;

Both dogs and bear, upon their parole,
 Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.
 Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
 Let one another run away,
 Concerns not me ; but was't not thou
 That gave Crowdero quarter too ?
 Crowdero, whom in irons bound,
 Thou basely threw'ſt into Lob's pound,
 Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
 His gen'rous bowels rage and fret :
 But now thy carafe ſhall redeem,
 And ſerve to be exchang'd for him.

This ſaid, the knight did ſtraight submit,
 And laid his weapons at her feet.
 Next he diſrob'd his gaberdine,
 And with it did himſelf resign.
 She took it, and forthwith diuerting
 The mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jesting,
 Take that, and wear it for my ſake ;
 Then threw it o'er his ſturdy back.
 And as the French we conquer'd once,
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,
 The length of breeches, and the gathers,
 Port cannons, perriwigs, and feathers ;
 Just ſo the proud insulting laſſ
 Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

Mean while the other champions, yerſt
 In hurry of the fight diſperſt,
 Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
 To ſhare i'th'honour and the prey,
 And out of Hudibras his hide
 With vengeance to be ſatisfy'd ;
 Which now they were about to pour
 Upon him in a wooden ſhow'r.

But

But Trulla thrust herself between
 And striding o'er his back agen,
 She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
 And vow'd they should not break her word ;
 Sh'had giv'n him quarter, and her blood
 Or theirs should make that quarter good.
 For she was bound by law of arms
 To see him safe from farther harms.
 In dungeon deep Crowdero cast
 By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
 Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
 His great heart made perpetual moans :
 Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
 Should ransom, and supply his place.

This stopt their fury and the basting
 Which towards Hudibras was hastening.
 They thought it was but just and right,
 That what she had atchiev'd in fight,
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd
 Crowdero ought to be releas'd :
 Nor could that any way be done
 So well as this she pitch'd upon :
 For who a better could imagine ?
 This therefore they resolv'd t'engage in.
 The knight and squire first they made
 Rise from the ground where they were laid ;
 Then mounted both upon their horses,
 But with their faces to the arses,
 Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
 And Talgol that which Ralphe prest ;
 Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
 And Colon waited as a guard on ;
 All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,
 With th'arms of either prisoner.

In this proud order and array
 They put themselves upon their way,
 Striving to reach th'enchanted castle,
 Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still,
 Thither with greater speed, than shows
 And triumphs over conquer'd foes
 Do use t'allow; or than the bears,
 Or pageants borne before lord mayors
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd
 In order, soldier-like contriv'd,
 Still marching in a warlike posture,
 As fit for battle as for muster.
 The knight and squire they first unhorse,
 And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
 They all advanc'd, and round about
 Begirt the magical redoubt.
 Magnan' led up in this adventure,
 And made way for the rest to enter.
 For he was skilful in black art,
 No less than he that built the fort:
 And with an iron mace laid flat
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at;
 And in the wooden dungeon found
 Crowdero laid upon the ground.
 Him they release from durance base,
 Restor'd t'his fiddle and his case,
 And liberty, his thirsty rage
 With luscious vengeance to asswage:
 For he no sooner was at large,
 But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
 And in the self-same limbo put
 The knight and squire, where he was shut.
 Where leaving them in Hockley i'th'hole,
 Their bangs and durance to condole,

Confin'd

Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Inchanted mansion to know sorrow ;
In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.
But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To fortune, or be said to droop ;
Chear'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.

Quoth he, Th'one half of man, his mind,
Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint or liberty,
That makes men prisoners or free ;
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or acquanimities.
The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes ; who is not said
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i'th'eye, and sob,
Because h'had ne'er another tub.
The ancients make two sev'ral kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds,
The active, and the passive valiant ;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant :
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equinecessary :
But in defeats, the passive stout
Are always found to stand it out
Most desp'rately, and to outdo
The active 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.

Though

Though we with blacks and blues are fuggill'd,
 Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd ;
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,
 And cannot be extended from
 The legal tenant : 'tis a chattel
 Not to be forfeited in battle.
 If he that in the field is slain,
 Be in the bed of honour lain ;
 He that is beaten may be said
 To lie in honour's truckle-bed.
 For as we see th'eclipsed sun
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
 He shines in serene sky most bright ;
 So valour in a low estate,
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
 We may by being beaten grow ;
 But none that see how here we sit,
 Will judge us overgrown with wit.
 As gifted brethren, preaching by
 A carnal hour-glaſs, do imply
 Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,
 But not how much ; so well enough
 Know you to charge, but not draw off :
 For who without a cap and bauble,
 Having subdu'd a bear and rabble.
 And might with honour have come off,
 Would put it to a second proof ?
 A politic exploit, right fit
 For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckow's tone,
 Ralpho, thou always harp'it upon :
 When thou at any thing would rail,
 Thou mak'ft Presbytery thy scale
 To take the height on't, and explain
 To what degree it is profane ;
 Whats'ever will not with (thy what d'ye call)
 Thy light jump right, thou call'ft *synodical*.
 As if Presbytery were a standard,
 To size whats'ever to be slander'd.
 Dost not remember how this day
 Thou to my beard wast bold to say,
 That thou couldst prove bear-baiting equal
 With synods, orthodox and legal ?
 Do, if thou can't ; for I deny't,
 And dare thee to't with all thy light.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
 Hard matter for a man to do,
 That has but any guts in's brains,
 And could believe it worth his pains.
 But since you dare and urge me to it,
 You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
 Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
 And other members of the court,
 Manage the Babylonish sport,
 For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,
 Do differ only in a mere word.
 Both are but sev'ral synagogues
 Of carnal men, and bears and dogs :
 Both antichristian assemblies,
 To mischief bent as far's in them lies :
 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
 The one with men, the other beasts.

The

The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth ;
And that they bait but bears in this,
In t'other souls and consciences ;
Where saints themselves are brought to stake
For gospel-light and conscience sake ;
Expos'd to scribes and presbyters,
Instead of mastive dogs and curs :
Than whom th'have less humanity,
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of church-rule, in this latter age :
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's bull.
Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine ; so do they.
What are their orders, constitutions,
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,
But several mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake,
And then set Heathen officers,
Instead of dogs, about their ears ?
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out or to make offence ;
Of hell and heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose ;
To set what characters they please,
And mulcts on sin or godliness ;
Reduce the church to gospel-order,
By rapine, sacrilege, and murder ;
To make Presbytery supreme,
And kings themselves submit to them ;

And

And force all people, though against
 Their consciences, to turn saints ;
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
 When saints monopolists are made.
 When pious frauds and holy shifts
 Are dispensations and gifts,
 Their godliness becomes mere ware,
 And ev'ry synod but a fair.
 Synods are whelps of th'inquisition,
 A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
 And growing up, became the fires
 Of scribes, commissioners, and triers ;
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning slight,
 To cast a figure for mens light ;
 To find, in lines of beard and face,
 The physiognomy of grace :
 And by the sound and twang of nose,
 If all be found within, disclose ;
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
 As men try pipkins by the ringing ;
 By black caps underlaid with white,
 Give certain guess at inward light,
 Which serjeants at the gospel wear,
 To make the spiritual calling clear.
 The handkerchief about the neck
 (Canonical cravat of Smeck,
 From whom the institution came,
 When church and state they set on flame,
 And worn by them as badges then
 Of spiritual warfaring men),
 Judge rightly if regeneration
 Be of the newest cut in fashion :
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
 That grace is founded in dominion.

Great

Great piety consists in pride ;
 To rule is to be sanctify'd :
 To domineer, and to controul,
 Both o'er the body and the soul,
 Is the most perfect discipline
 Of church-rule, and by right divine.
 Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far :
 For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,
 To get their wives and children meat ;
 But these will not be fobbd off so,
 They must have wealth and power too ;
 Or else with blood and desolation
 They'll tear it out o'th'heart o'th'nation.

Sure these themselves from primitive
 And Heathen priesthood to derive,
 When butchers were the only clerks,
 Elders and presbyters of kirks ;
 Whose directory was to kill ;
 And some believe it is so still.
 The only diff'rence is, that then
 They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
 For then to sacrifice a bullock,
 Or now and then a child to Moloch,
 They count a vile abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole nation.
 Presbytery does but translate
 The Papacy to a free state ;
 A commonwealth of Popery,
 Where ev'ry village is a fee
 As well as Rome, and must maintain
 A tithe-pig metropolitan :
 Where ev'ry presbyter and deacon
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon ;

And

And ev'ry hamlet's governed
By's Holiness, the church's head ;
More haughty and severe in's place,
Than Gregory or Boniface.

Such church must surely be a monster
With many heads: for if we conster
What in th'Apocalyps we find,
According to th'apostle's mind,
'Tis that the whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon ;
Which heads denote the sinful tribe
Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe.

Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular. This zealot
Is of a mungrel, diverse kind,
Cleric before, and lay behind ;
A lawles linseywoolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another ;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water ;
That always preys on grace or sin ;
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over mens belief
And manners; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Through coarsest boulter other gifts.
For all men live and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his.
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle light and grace,

The

The manufacture of the kirk ;
 Those pastors are but th'handy-work
 Of his mechanic paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling :
 From whence they start up chosen vessels,
 Made by contact, as men get measles.
 So cardinals, they say, do grope
 At t'other end the new-made pope.

Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, soft fire;
 They say, does make sweet malt. Good squire,
Festina lente, not too fast ;
 For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make
 Are false, and built upon mistake.
 And I shall bring you, with your pack
 Of fallacies, t'elenchi back ;
 And put your arguments in mood
 And figure, to be understood.
 I'll force you by right ratiocination
 To leave your vitilitigation,
 And make you keep to th'question close,
 And argue *dialecticis*.

The question then, to state it first,
 Is which is better, or which worst,
 Synods or bears ? Bears I avow
 To be the worst, and synods thou.
 But to make good th'assertion,
 Thou say'ft the're really all one.
 If so, not worst ; for if th're *idem*,
 Why then, *tantundem dat tanidem*.
 For if they are the same, by course
 Neither is better, neither worse.
 But I deny they are the same,
 More than a maggot and I am.

That

That both are *animalia*,
 I grant; but not *rationalia*:
 For though they do agree in kind,
 Specific difference we find;
 And can no more make bears of these,
 Than prove my horse is Socrates.
 That synods are bear-gardens too,
 Thou dost affirm; but I say, no:
 And thus I prove it, in a word;
 What's-ever assembly's not empower'd
 To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
 Can be no synod: but bear-garden
 Has no such pow'r; *ergo*, 'tis none:
 And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.

But yet we are beside the question,
 Which thou did raise the first contest on;
 For that was, Whether bears were better
 Than synod-men? I say, *Negatur*.
 That bears are beasts, and synods men,
 Is held by all: they're better then:
 For bears and dogs on four legs go,
 As beasts; but synod-men on two.
 'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails:
 But prove that synod-men have tails;
 Or that a rugged, shaggy fur
 Grows o'er the hide of presbyter;
 Or that his snout and spacious ears
 Do hold proportion with a bear's.
 As bear's a savage beast, of all
 Most ugly and unnatural;
 Whelp'd without form, until the dam
 Has lick'd it into shape and frame:
 But all thy light can ne'er evit,
 That ever synod-man was lick'd.

Or

Or brought to any other fashion,
Than his own will and inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and sense ; that is,
Thou wouldest have presbyters to go
For bears and dogs, and bearwards too ;
A strange chimera of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene,
Such as in nature never met
In eodem subiecto yet.

Thy other arguments are all
Supposers, hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said ; which I know when
And where thou stol'st from other men.
(Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts) :
And is the same that ranter said,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard.
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out ;
And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th'abuse
Of human learning you produce ;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain ;
A trade of knowledge, as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat :
An art t'incumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit ;

Makes light inactive, dull, and troubled,
 Like little David in Saul's doublet ;
 A cheat that scholars put upon
 Other mens reason and their own ;
 A fort of error, to ensconce
 Absurdity and ignorance,
 That renders all the avenues
 To truth, impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain things, in debate,
 By art perplex'd and intricate :
 For nothing goes for sense or light,
 That will not with old rules jump right :
 As if rules were not in the schools
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
 This Pagan, Heathenish invention
 Is good for nothing but contention.
 For as, in sword-and-buckler fight,
 All blows do on the target light :
 So when men argue, the great' st part
 O'th'contest falls on terms of art,
 Until the fustian stuff be spent,
 And then they fall to th'argument.

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
 Outrun the constable at last :
 For thou art fallen on a new
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue.
 But to the former opposite,
 And contrary as black to white ;
 Mere *disparata*, that concerning
 Presbytery, this human learning ;
 Two things s'averse, they never yet
 But in thy rambling fancy met.
 But I shall take a fit occasion
 Tevince thee by ratiocination,

Some other time in place more proper
Than this w're in; therefore let's stop here,
And rest our weary'd bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.



PART

P A R T II.

C A N T O I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight, by damnable magician,
Being cast illegally in prison ;
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers ; yet, on parole,
Redeems him from th'enchanted hole.

22

BUT now, t'observe romantic method,
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed ;
And all those harsh and ragged sounds
Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style,
To let our reader breathe a while :
In which that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of preface,
Is't not enough to make one strange,
That some mens fancies should ne'er change,
But make all people do and say
The same things still the self-same way ?
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind :

F

Others

Others make all their knights in fits
 Of jealousy to lose their wits ;
 Till drawing blood o'th'dames, like witches,
 Th'are forthwith cur'd of their caprices.
 Some always thrive in their amours,
 By pulling plaisters off their sores ;
 As cripples do to get an alms,
 Just so do they, and win their dames.
 Some force whole regions, in despite
 O'geography, to change their site :
 Make former times shake hands with latter,
 And that which was before, come after.
 But those that write in rhyme, still make
 The one verse for the other's sake ;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think's sufficient at one time.

But we forget in what sad plight
 We whilom left the captiv'd knight,
 And pensive squire, both bruis'd in body,
 And conjur'd into safe custody :
 Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,
 As well as basting, and bear-baiting,
 And desperate of any course,
 To free himself by wit or force ;
 His only solace was, that now
 His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
 That either it must quickly end,
 Or turn about again, and mend ;
 In which he found th'event, no less
 Than other times, beside his gues.

There is a tall long-sided dame,
 (But wondrous light), ycleped *Fame*,
 That like a thin cameleon boards
 Herself on air, and eats her words :

Upon

Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist.
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;
With letters hung like eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of farthest regions ;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation ;
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.
About her neck a packet-male,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to bed ;
Of hailstones big as pullets eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;
A blazing star seen in the west,
By six or seven men at least.
Two trumpets she does sound at once,
Both of clean contrary tones ;
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th'other well ;
And therefore vulgar authors name
The one *good*, t'other *evil fame*.

This tattling gossip knew too well,
What mischief Hudibras besel ;
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
Of all, to th'unkind widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see bauds carted through the croud,

Or funerals with stately pomp,
 March slowly on in solemn dump,
 As she laugh'd out, until her back,
 As well as sides, was like to crack.
 She vow'd she would go see the sight,
 And visit the distressed knight :
 To do the office of a neighbour,
 And be a gossip at his labour ;
 And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
 To set at large his fetter-locks,
 And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
 To free him from th'enchanted mansion.
 This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
 And usher, implements abroad
 Which ladies wear, besides a slender
 Young waiting damsel to attend her.
 All which appearing, on she went,
 To find the knight in limbo pent.
 And 'twas not long before she found
 Him, and his stout squire, in the pound ;
 Both coupled in enchanted tether,
 By farther leg behind together :
 For as he sat upon his rump,
 His head like one in doleful dump,
 Between his knees his hands apply'd
 Unto his ears on either side ;
 And by him in another hole,
 Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by joul :
 She came upon him in his wooden
 Magician's circle, on the sudden,
 As spirits do t' a conjurer,
 When in their dreadful shapes th'appear.

No sooner did the knight perceive her,
 But straight he fell into a fever,

Inflam'd

Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
 To be seen by her in such a place ;
 Which made him hang his head, and scoul,
 And wink, and goggle like an owl.
 He felt his brains begin to swim,
 When thus the dame accosted him.

This place, quoth she, they say's enchanted,
 And with delinquent spirits haunted,
 That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd,
 Until their guilty crimes be purg'd :
 Look there are two of them appear,
 Like persons I have seen somewhere.
 Some have mistaken blocks and posts
 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
 With saucer eyes, and horns ; and som :
 Have heard the devil beat a drum :
 But if our eyes are not false glasses,
 That give a wrong account of faces ;
 That beard and I should be acquainted,
 Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted ;
 For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
 As if't had lately been in combat,
 It did belong t'a worthy knight,
 Howe'er this goblin is come by't.

When Hudibras the lady heard,
 Discoursing thus upon his beard,
 And speak with such respect and honour,
 Both of the beard, and the beard's owner ;
 He thought it best to set as good
 A face upon it as he cou'd,
 And thus he spoke : Lady, your bright
 And radiant eyes are in the right ;
 The beard's th'identic beard you knew,
 The same numerically true :

Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.

O heav'ns! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly exprest.
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be ashame'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn,
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,
And cut square by the Russian standard.
A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
That bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders
Does not so well become a soldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled;
Although, i'th' rear, your beard the van led:
And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ake,
To see so worshipful a friend
I'th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd *pain*
Is (as the learned Stoicks maintain).

Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good ;
But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign,
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross phaenomena's,
In which it oft mistakes the case.
But since th'immortal intellect
(That's free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim;
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows ;
It follows, we can ne'er be sure,
Whether we pain or not endure ;
And just so far are sore and griev'd,
As by the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight ;
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
That mice, as histories relate,
Eat grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His pothic parts, without his feeling :
Then how is't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick ?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted, to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure,
Contribute nothing to the cure :
Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage
With pain no med'cine can asswage.

Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish ;

For what's more hon'able than scars,
 Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
 Some have been beaten till they know
 What wood a cudgel's of by th'blow:
 Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
 A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;
 And yet have met, after long running,
 With some whom they have taught that cunning.
 The farthest way about t'o'ercome,
 I'th'end does prove the nearest home;
 By laws of learned duellists,
 They that are bruis'd with wood or fists,
 And think one beating may for once
 Suffice, are cowards and poltroons:
 But if they dare t'engage a second,
 They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

Th'old Romans freedom did bestow,
 Our princes worship, with a blow:
 King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic
 And testy courtiers with a kick.
 The Negus, when some mighty lord
 Or potentate's to be restor'd,
 And pardon'd for some great offence,
 With which he's willing to dispense;
 First has him laid upon his belly,
 Then beaten back and side, t'a jelly;
 That done, he rises, humbly bows,
 And gives thanks for the princely blows;
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
 Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
 The beaten soldier proves most manful,
 That, like his fword, endures the anvil;
 And justly's held more formidable,
 'The more his valour's malleable:

But

But he that fears a bastinado,
 Will run away from his own shadow :
 And though I'm now in durance fast,
 By our own party basely cast,
 Ransom, exchange, parole refus'd,
 And worse than by the enemy us'd ;
 In close *catasta* shut, past hope
 Of wit, or valour, to elope :
 As beards, the nearer that they tend
 To th'earth, still grow more reverend ;
 And cannons shhoot the higher pitches,
 The lower we let down their breeches :
 I'll make this low dejected fate
 Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, Y'have almost made m'in love
 With that which did my pity move.
 Great wits and valours, like great states,
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights :
 The'xtremes of glory and of shame,
 Like east and west become the same :
 No Indian prince has to his palace
 More foll'wers than a thief to th'gallows.
 But if a beating seem so brave,
 What glories must a whipping have ?
 Such great atchievements cannot fail
 To cast salt on a woman's tail :
 For if I thought your nat'r al talent
 Of passive courage were so gallant,
 As you strain hard to have it thought,
 I could grow amorous, and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard,
 He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard :
 Thought he, this is the lucky hour ;
 Wines work when vines are in the flow'r ;

This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the question.

Madam, What you would seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out ;
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it ;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you :
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers ;
And though I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit ;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b'periment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich,
Beyond th'infliction of a witch ;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns,
As fire in antique Roman urns,
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by't.
Have you not pow'r to entertain,
And render love for love again ;
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath ?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch ?
What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force ?

For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye :
For what does make it ravishment,
But b'ing against the mind's consent ?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us ?
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fanatic way,
Why should you not at least allow
Those that love you to do so too ?
For as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you ;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practise what you call a fault.

Quoth she, If what you say is true,
You must fly me as I do you ;
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In love and preaching, that must sway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a fit, to hickup :
Command me to piss out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's pow'r's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hec'ring kill-cow Hercules ;
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
T'a petticoat, and made him spin ;

Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
 T'a feeble distaff, and a spindle,
 'Twas he that made emperors gallants
 To their own sisters, and their aunts ;
 Sets popes and cardinals agog,
 To play with pages at leap-frog.
 'Twas he that gave our senate purges,
 And flux'd the house of many a burgess ;
 Made those that represent the nation,
 Submit, and suffer amputation ;
 And all the grandees o'th'cabal
 Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall.
 He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em
 To Dirty-lane, and Little Sodom ;
 Made 'em curvet, like Spanish jennets,
 And take the ring at Madam —————
 'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
 More than the devil could tempt him to ;
 In cold and frosty weather grow
 Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;
 And though she were of rigid temper,
 With melting flames accost and tempt her ;
 Which after in enjoyment quenching,
 He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth she, If love have these effects,
 Why is it not forbid our sex ?
 Why is't not damn'd and interdicted
 For diabolical and wicked ?
 And sung, as out of tune, against,
 As Turk and Pope are by the saints ?
 I find I've greater reason for it
 Than I believ'd before, t'abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
 Spring from your Heathenish neglects

Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns ;
And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite.
This made the beauteous queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet ;
And from her greatness stoop so low,
To be the rival of a cow :
Others to prostitute their great hearts,
To be baboons and monkeys sweethearts.
Some with the dev'l himself in league grow
By's representative a negro.
'Twas this made vestal-maids love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd quick :
Some by their fathers, and their brothers
To be made mistresses and mothers.
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours
On lacquies, and valets des chambres ;
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
And makes them stoop to dirty grooms ;
To slight the world, and to disparage
Claps, iſſues, infamy, and marriage.

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear,
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secrecy in love.

Says he, There is as weighty reason
For secrecy in love, as treason.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the windowe-eye does steal in
To rob the heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a cloſer way ;
Which whosoever can discover,
He's ſure (as he deserves) to ſuffer.

Love

Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
 In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,
 Which footy chymists stop in holes,
 When out of wood they extract coals ;
 So lovers should their passions choke,
 That though they burn, they may not smoke.
 'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
 And dragg'd beasts backwards into's hole :
 So love does lovers, and us men
 Draws by the tails into his den ;
 That no impression may discover,
 And trace t'his cave the wary lover.
 But if you doubt I should reveal
 What you intrust me under seal,
 I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
 As your own secretary, Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
 In hiding what your aims propose :
 Love-passions are like parables,
 By which men still mean something else :
 Though love be all the world's pretence,
 Money's the mythologic sense,
 The real substance of the shadow,
 Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,
 And how to quit you your own way :
 He that will win his dame, must do
 As love does, when he bends his bow ;
 With one hand thrust the lady from,
 And with the other pull her home.
 I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
 Provocative to am'rous heat ;
 It is all philtres, and high diet,
 That makes love rampant, and to fly out :

'Tis

'Tis beauty always in the flower,
 That buds and blossoms at fourscore :
 'Tis that by which the sun and moon
 At their own weapons are outdone ;
 That makes knights errant fall in trances,
 And lay about them in romances :
 'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
 That men divine and sacred call :
 For what is worth in any thing,
 But so much money as 'twill bring ?
 Or what but riches is there known,
 Which man can solely call his own ;
 In which no creature goes his half,
 Unless it be to squint and laugh ?
 I do confess, with goods and land,
 I'd have a wife at second hand ;
 And such you are : nor is't your person
 My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;
 But 'tis (your better part) your riches,
 That my enamour'd heart bewiches ;
 Let me your fortune but possess,
 And settle your person how you please,
 Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil,
 You'll find me reasonable and civil.

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
 Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,
 Or any feat of qualm or swooning,
 But hanging of yourself, or drowning :
 Your only way with me to break
 Your mind, is breaking of your neck :
 For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
 Like nine-pins, they strike others down ;
 So that would break my heart, which done,
 My tempting fortune is your own.

These

These are but trifles : ev'ry lover
 Will damn himself, over and over,
 And greater matters undertake
 For a less worthy mistress sake :
 Yet they're the only ways to prove
 Th'unfeign'd realities of love ;
 For he that hangs, or beat's out's brains,
 The devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
 For mere experiment and proof ;
 It is no jesting, trivial matter,
 To swing i'th'air, or douce in water,
 And, like a water-witch, try love ;
 That's to destroy, and not to prove :
 As if a man should be dissected,
 To find what part is disaffected,
 Your better way is to make over
 In trust, your fortune to your lover :
 Trust is a trial ; if it break,
 'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck :
 Beside, th'experiment's more certain ;
 Men venture necks to gain a fortune :
 The soldier does it ev'ry day
 (Eight to the week) for six-pence pay :
 Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
 To share with knaves in cheating fools :
 And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
 Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain,
 This is the way I'dvise you to ;
 Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loath to run
 Myself all th'hazard, and you none ;
 Which must be done, unless some deed
 Of yours aforesaid do precede :

Give

Give but yourself one gentle swing
For trial, and I'll cut the string ;
Or give that rev'rend head a mall,
Or two, or three, against a wall ;
To shew you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myself to settle.

Quoth he, My head's not made of bras,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was ;
Nor (like the Indian's scull) so tough,
That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof ;
As it had need to be, to enter
As yet on any new adventure :
You see what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd.
But if that's all you stand upon,
Here strike me luck, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose : Two words t'a bargain ;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof :
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike ;
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
T'your conversation, mien, or person ;
But a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love :
For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith as adamantine,
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain ;
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak :
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close bugger-mugger pent,

And

And shine upon me but benignly,
 With that one, and that other pigsney,
 The sun and day shall sooner part,
 Than love or you shake off my heart ;
 The sun, that shall no more dispense
 His own, but your bright influence.
 I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
 With true love-knots and flourishes ;
 That shall infuse eternal spring,
 And everlasting flourishing ;
 Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,
 And make it brisk champaign become.
 Where-e'er you tread, your foot shall set
 The primrose and the violet ;
 All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
 Shall borrow from your breath their odours :
 Nature her charter shall renew,
 And take all lives of things from you ;
 The world depend upon your eye,
 And when you frown upon it, die :
 Only our love shall still survive,
 New worlds, and natures to outlive ;
 And like to heralds moons, remain
 All crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
 Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss :
 For you will find it a hard chapter
 To catch me with poetic rapture,
 In which your mastery of art
 Doth shew itself, and not your heart :
 Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
 By dint of high heroic fustian.
 She that with poetry is won,
 Is but a desk to write upon ;

And

And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean
Some with Arabian spices strive
Tembalm her cruelly alive ;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their haut-gous, bouilles, or ragous ;
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the facet doublet doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth ;
Her mouth compar'd to an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in't, stead of teeth.
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix ;
In which the lily and the rose
For Indian lake, and ceruse goes.
The sun and moon by her bright eyes
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the skies,
Are but black patches, that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars
By which astrologers, as well
As those in heav'n above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshow
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortal ears ;
As wise philosophers have thought ;
And that's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
Th'ador'd in rhyme, would kick in prose ;
And in those ribands would have hung
Of which melodiously they sung :
That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least ;

It

It matters not how false, or forc'd,
 So the best things be said o'th'worst ;
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
 Only the arrow's drawn to th'head,
 Whether it be a swan or goose
 They level at : so shepherds use
 To set the same mark on the hip
 Both of their sound and rotten sheep :
 For wits that carry low or wide,
 Must be aim'd higher, or beside
 The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
 But when they take their aim awry.
 But I do wonder you should chuse
 This way t'attack me with your muse,
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
 With Fulhams of poetic fiction :
 I rather hop'd, I should no more
 Hear from you o'th'gallanting score :
 For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove
 The readiest remedies of love,
 Next a dry-diet : but if those fail,
 Yet this uneasy loop-hold jail,
 In which y'are hamper'd by the fetlock,
 Cannot but put y'in mind of wedlock ;
 Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
 If that may serve you for a cooler,
 T'ally your mettle, all agog
 Upon a wife, the heavier clog :
 Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
 That, for a bruis'd or broken pate,
 Has freed you from those knobs that grow
 Much harder on the marry'd brow :
 But if no dread can cool your courage,
 From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage ;

Yet

Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance :
Level at beauty, and at wit ;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand
In that already, with your command ;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your constellation meet ?

Quoth she, What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality ?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th'yoke-follow of your wit :
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts ;
A grace, which if I could believe
I've not the conscience to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd ; I'll state the case :
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner ;
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists :
Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be ali' nate, and made away,
By those that are proprietors ;
As I may give, or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper, 'twixt your horse and you ;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away, or sell ?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware ;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer *hue* and *cry*,
For a roan gelding twelve hands high,

All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof,
 A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof,
 Where, when, by whom, and what y'were sold for,
 And in the open market toll'd for?
 Or should I take you for a stray,
 You must be kept a year and day,
 (Ere I can own you), here i'th'pound,
 Where, if y'are sought, you may be found:
 And in the mean time I must pay
 For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon
 T'enervate this objection,
 And prove myself, by topic clear,
 No gelding, as you would infer.
 Loss of virility's averr'd
 To be the cause of loss of beard,
 That does (like embryo in the womb)
 Abortive on the chin become.
 This first a woman did invent,
 In envy of man's ornament,
 Semiramis of Babylon,
 Who first of all cut men o'th'stone,
 To mar their beards, and laid foundation
 Of sow-geldering operation.
 Look on this beard, and tell me whether
 Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?
 Next it appears, I am no horse,
 That I can argue and discourse;
 Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
 For some philosophers of late here
 Write, men have four legs by nature,
 And that 'tis custom makes them go
 Erroneously upon but two;

As 'twas in Germany made good
 B'a boy that lost himself in a wood,
 And growing down t'a man, was went
 With wolves upon all four to hunt.
 As for your reasons drawn from tails,
 We cannot say they're true or false,
 Till you explain yourself, and show,
 B'periment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,
 I'll give you satisfact'ry account ;
 So you will promise, if you lose,
 To settle all, and be my spouse.

That never shall be done, quoth she,
 To one that wants a tail, by me :
 For tails by nature sure were meant,
 As well as beards, for ornament :
 And though the vulgar count them homely,
 In man or beast they are so comely,
 So gentee, alamode, and handsome,
 I'll never marry man that wants one :
 And till you can demonstrate plain,
 You have one equal to your mane,
 I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,
 Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
 The prince of Cambay's daily food
 Is asp, and basilisk, and toad ;
 Which makes him have so strong a breath,
 Each night he stinks a queen to death ;
 Yet I shall rather lie in's arms
 Than yours, on any other terms.

Quoth he, What nature can afford,
 I shall produce, upon my word ;
 And if she ever gave that boon
 To man, I'll prove that I have one ;

I mean,

I mean, by postulate illation,
 When you shall offer just occasion.
 But since y'have yet deny'd to give
 My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
 But made it sink down to my heel,
 Let that at least your pity feel ;
 And for the sufferings of your martyr,
 Give its poor entertainer quarter ;
 And by discharge, or main-prize, grant
 Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
 Stuck in a hole here like a peg ;
 And if I knew which way to do't,
 (Your honour safe), I'd let you out.
 That dames by jail-delivery
 Of errant-knights have been set free,
 When by enchantment they have been,
 And sometimes for it too, laid in ;
 Is that which knights are bound to do
 By order, oath, and honour too :
 For what are they renown'd, and famous else,
 But aiding of distressed damosels ?
 But for a lady, no wise errant,
 To free a knight, we have no warrant
 In any authentical romance,
 Or classic author yet of France ;
 And I'd be loath to have you break
 An ancient custom for a freak,
 Or innovation introduce
 In place of things of antique use ;
 To free your heels by any course,
 That might b'unwholsome to your spurs :
 Which if I should consent unto,
 It is not in my pow'r to do ;

For 'tis a service must be done ye,
 With solemn previous ceremony ;
 Which always has been us'd t'untie
 The charms of those who here do lie,
 For as the ancients heretofore
 To Honour's temple had no door,
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay ;
 So from this dungeon there's no way
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing
 That other virtuous school of lashing,
 Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
 With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists ;
 In which they for a while are tenants,
 And for their ladies suffer penance :
 Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,
 Tutress of arts and sciences ;
 That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
 And puts new life into dull matter ;
 That lays foundation for renown,
 And all the honours of the gown.
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,
 And freed with honourable discharge :
 Then in the robes, the penitentials
 Are straight presented with credentials
 And in their way attended on
 By magistrates of ev'ry town :
 And all respect and charges paid,
 They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
 Now, if you'll venture, for my sake,
 To try the toughness of your back,
 And suffer (as the rest have done)
 The laying of a whipping on ;
 (And may you prosper in your suit,
 As you with equal vigour do't),

I here engage myself to loose ye,
 And free your heels from caperdewsie.
 But since our sex's modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,
 Bring me, on oath, a fair account,
 And honour too, when you have don't ;
 And I'll admit you to the place
 You claim as due in my good grace.
 If matrimony and hanging go
 By dest'ny, why not whipping too ?
 What med'cine else can cure the fits
 Of lovers, when they lose their wits ?
 Love is a boy by poets styl'd,
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.

A Persian emp'rор whipt his grannam
 The sea, his mother Venus came on ;
 And hence some rev'rend men approve
 Of rosemary in making love.
 As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs ;
 Why may not whipping have as good
 A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
 With comely movement, and by art,
 Raise passion in a lady's heart ?
 It is an easier way to make
 Love by, than that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer whipping,
 Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbin ?
 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
 And spell names over with beer-glasses ?
 Be under vows to hang and die
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie ?
 With china-oranges, and tarts,
 And whinning plays, lay baits for hearts ?

Bribe chambermaids with love and money,
To break no roguish jests upon ye ?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
With painted perfumes, hazard noses ?
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lanthorn ?
All this you may compound for now,
By suffering what I offer you :
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone :
Did not the great La Mancha do so
For the Infanta Del Toboso ?
Did not the illustrious Bassa make
Himself a slave for Misso's sake ?
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove ?
Was not young Florio sent (to cool
His flame for Biancaviole) to school,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her sake suffer martyrdom ?
Did not a certain lady whip
Of late her husband's own lordship ?
And though a grandee of the house,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;
Ty'd him stark naked to a bed-post,
And firk'd his hide, as if sh'had rid post ;
And after in the sessions-court,
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't ?
This swear you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th'enchanted den,
And the magician's circle, clear.

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
And will perform what you injoin,
Or may I never see you mine.

Amen, quoth she, then turn'd about,
 And bid her squire let him out.
 But ere an artist could be found
 T'undo the charms, another bound,
 The sun grew low, and left the skies,
 Put down, some write, by ladies eyes ;
 The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
 That hides her face by day from sight,
 (Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
 That's both her lustre and her shade),
 And in the lanthorn of the night,
 With shining horns hung out her light ;
 For darkness is the proper sphere,
 Where all false glories use t'appear.
 The twinkling stars began to muster,
 And glitter with their borrow'd lustre ;
 While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
 By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
 His whipping penance till the morn,
 Our vot'ry thought it best t'adjourn,
 And not to carry on a work
 Of such importance in the dark,
 With erring haste, but rather stay,
 And do't in th'open face of day ;
 And, in the mean time, go in quest
 Of next retreat to take his rest.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight and squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight ;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.

TIS strange how some men's tempers suit
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvast ;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crouds and bases ;
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument :
Make true and false, unjust, and just,
Of no use but to be discust ;
Dispute and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully,
Than Helmont, Montaign, White, or Lully.
So th'ancient Stoicks in their porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study,
To prove that virtue is a body ;
That *bonum* is an animal,
Made good with stout polemic brawl :

In which some hundreds on the place
 Were slain outright, and many a face
 Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
 To maintain what their sect averr'd.
 All which the knight and squire in wrath
 Had like t'have suffer'd for their faith.
 Each striving to make good his own,
 As by the sequel shall be shwon.

The sun had long since, in the lap
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
 And like a lobster, boil'd, the morn
 From black to red began to turn ;
 When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking,
 'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,
 Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
 Resolving to dispatch the deed
 He vow'd to do, with trusty speed.
 But first, with knocking loud, and bawling,
 He rous'd the squire, in truckle lolling :
 And, after many circumstances,
 Which vulgar authors in romances
 Do use to spend their time and wits on,
 To make impertinent description,
 They got, with much ado, to horse,
 And to the castle bent their course,
 In which he to the dame before
 To suffer whipping duly fwore :
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
 To carry on the work, in earnest,
 He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
 And with a serious forehead plodding,
 Sprung a new scruple in his head,
 Which first he scratch'd; and after said :

Whether

Whether it be direct infringing
 An oath, if I should wave this swinging,
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
 And so b'equivocation swear ;
 Or whether't be a lesser sin
 To be forsworn, than act the thing,
 Are deep and subtil points, which must,
 T'inform my conscience, be discult ;
 In which to err a tittle, may
 To errors infinite make way :
 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy judgment, ere we farther go.

Quoth Ralpho, Since you do injoint,
 I shall enlarge upon the point ;
 And for my own part, do not doubt
 Th'affirmative may be made out.
 But first, to state the case aright,
 For best advantage of our light ;
 And thus 'tis : Whether't be a sin
 To claw and curry your own skin,
 Greater, or less, than to forbear,
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.
 But first, o'th'first : the inward man,
 And outward, like a clan and clan,
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 And one another clapper-clawing,
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,
 But in a spiritual mystic sense ;
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
 In literal frays abominable :
 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use
 With Pagans, and apostate Jews,
 To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,
 Like modern Indians to their idols :

And mongrel Christians of our times,
 That expiate less with greater crimes,
 And call the foul abomination
 Contrition, and mortification.
 Is't not enough we're bruised and kicked,
 With sinful members of the wicked ;
 Our vessels, that are sanctify'd,
 Profan'd and curry'd back and side ;
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful
 And Heathen stripes, by their example ?
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
 Is impious, because they did it ;
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd
 A hainous sin. Now to the second,
 That saints may claim a dispensation
 To swear and forswear, on occasion,
 I doubt not, but it will appear
 With pregnant light. The point is clear.
 Oaths are but words, and words but wind ;
 Too feeble implements to bind ;
 And hold with deeds proportion, so
 As shadows to a substance do.
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
 The weaker vessel should submit :
 Although your church be opposite
 To ours, as black friars are to white,
 In rule and order ; yet I grant
 You are a reformato saint ;
 And what the saints do claim as due,
 You may pretend a title to :
 But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
 Know little of their privilege ;
 Farther, I mean, than carrying on
 Some self advantage of their own :

For if the dev'l, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little reason why :
Else h'has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
W'are not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to swear ;
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain :
For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue, and from hence
Some have broke oaths by providence :
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word :
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late apostles acts is.
Was not the cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on ?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke ?
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models, for
The present use of church and war ?
Did not our worthies of the house,
Before they broke the peace, break vows ?
For having freed us, first, from both
Th'allegiance and supremacy oath ;
Did they not, next, compel the nation
To take and break the protestation ?
To swear, and after to recant
The solemn league and covenant ?

To take th'engagement, and disclaim it,
 Enforc'd by those who first did frame it ?
 Did they not swear at first to fight
 For the King's safety, and his right ;
 And after march'd to find him out,
 And charg'd him home with horse and foot ;
 But yet still had the confidence
 To swear it was in his defence ?
 Did they not swear to live and die
 With Essex, and straight laid him by ?
 If that were all, for some have swore
 As false as they, if th'did no more.
 Did they not swear to maintain law,
 In which that swearing made a flaw ?
 For Protestant religion vow,
 That did that vowing disallow ?
 For privilege of parliament,
 In which that swearing made a rent ?
 And since, of all the three, not one
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.
 Did they not swear in express words,
 To prop and back the house of Lords ?
 And after turn'd out the whole house-full
 Of peers, as dang'rous and unuseful ?
 So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
 Swore all the Commons out o'th'house ;
 Vow'd that the redcoats would disband,
 Ay marry would they, at their command ;
 And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,
 'Till th'army turn'd them out of door.
 This tells us plainly what they thought,
 That oaths and swearing go for nought,
 And that by them th'were only meant
 To serve for an expedient.

What

What was the public faith found out for,
 But to slur men of what they fought for ?
 The public faith, which ev'ry one
 Is bound t'observe, yet kept by none ;
 And if that go for nothing, why
 Should private faith have such a tie ?
 Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
 To keep the good and just in awe ;
 But to confine the bad and sinful,
 Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.
 A saint's o'th'heav'nly realm a peer :
 And as no peer is bound to swear,
 But on the gospel of his honour,
 Of which he may dispose, as owner ;
 It follows, though the thing be forgery,
 And false, th'affirm, it is no perjury,
 But a mere ceremony, and a breach
 Of nothing, but a form of speech ;
 And goes for no more when 'tis took,
 'Than mere saluting of the book.
 Suppose the scriptures are of force,
 They're but commissions of course,
 And saints have freedom to digress,
 And vary from them as they please,
 Or misinterpret them by private
 Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
 Then why should we ourselves abridge,
 And curtail our own privilege ?
 Quakers (that, like to lanthorns, bear
 Their light within them) will not swear ;
 Their gospel is an accidence,
 By which they construe conscience,
 And hold no sin so deeply red,
 As that of breaking Priscian's head ;

(The

(The head and founder of their order,
 That stirring hats held worse than murder).
 These thinking th'are oblig'd to troth
 In swearing, will not take an oath :
 Like mules, who, if th'have not their will
 To keep their own pace, stand stock-still,
 But they are weak, and little know
 What free-born consciences may do.
 'Tis the temptations of the devil,
 That makes all human actions evil :
 For saints may do the same things by
 The spirit, in sincerity,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the devil's instance do ;
 And yet the actions be contrary,
 Just as the saints and wicked vary.
 For as on land there is no beast,
 But in some fish at sea's express ;
 So in the wicked there's no vice,
 Of which the saints have not a spice ;
 And yet that thing that's pious in
 The one, in t'other is a sin.
 Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,
 A saint should be a slave to conscience ?
 That ought to be above such fancies,
 As far as above ordinances.
 She's of the wicked, as I guess,
 B'her looks, her language, and her dress :
 And though, like constables, we search
 For false wares one another's church ;
 Yet all of us hold this for true,
 No faith is to the wicked due ;
 For truth is precious and divine,
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.

Quoth

Quoth Hudibras, All this is true,
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
 Those mysteries and revelations ;
 And therefore topical evasions
 Of subtil turns and shifts of senfe,
 Serve best with th'wicked for pretence,
 Such as the learned Jesuits use,
 And Presbyterians, for excuse
 Against the Protestants, when th'happen
 To find their churches taken napping :
 As thus : A breach of oath is duple,
 And either way admits a scruple,
 And may be, *ex parte* of the maker,
 More criminal than th'injur'd taker ;
 For he that strains too far a vow,
 Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow :
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it ;
 Not he that for convenience took it :
 A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
 As sound t'all purposes of troth,
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
 Nay, till th'are broken have no force.
 What's justice to a man, or laws,
 That never comes within their claws ?
 They have no pow'r but to admonish,
 Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
 Until they're broken, and then touch
 Those only that do make them such.
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd
 By men in prison made, for good ;
 For when they're set at liberty,
 They're from th'engagement too set free.
 The rabbins write, when any Jew
 Did make to God or man a vow,

Which

Which afterwards he found untoward,
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard ;
 Any three other Jews o'th'nation
 Might free him from the obligation :
 And have not two saints pow'r to use
 A greater privilege than three Jews ?
 The court of conscience, which in man
 Should be supreme and sovereign,
 Is't fit should be subordinate
 To ev'ry petty court i'th'state,
 And have less power than the lesser,
 To deal with perjury at pleasure ?
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
 Allow'd, at fancy of py-powder ?
 Tell all it does, or does not know.
 For swearing *ex officio* ?
 Be forc'd t'impeach a broken hedge,
 And pigs unring'd at Vif. Franc. Pledge ?
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
 Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance ;
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full ;
 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,
 To help itself at a dead list ?
 Why shoul'd not conscience have vocation
 As well as other court's o'th'nation ;
 Have equal power to adjourn,
 Appoint appearance and return ;
 And make as nice distinction serve,
 To split a case, as those that carve,
 Invoking cuckold's names, hit joints ?
 Why should not tricks as flight do points ?
 Is not th'high court of justice tworn
 To judge that law that serves their turn ?

Make their own jealousies high treason,
 And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on ?
 Cannot the learned council there
 Make laws in any shape appear ?
 Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
 When they make pictures to destroy ?
 And vex 'em into any form
 That fits their purpose to do harm ?
 Rack 'em until they do confess,
 Impeach of treason whom they please,
 And most perfidiously condemn
 Those that engag'd their lives for them ?
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by oath and conscience,
 Can they not juggle, and with slight
 Conveyance play with wrong and right ;
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear
 As Lapland witches bottled air ?
 Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge,
 The same case sev'ral ways adjudge ?
 As seamen, with the self-same gale,
 With sev'ral diff'rent courses sail ;
 As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
 And overflows the level grounds,
 Those banks and damms, that like a screen
 Did keep it out, now keep it in :
 So when tyrannic usurpation
 Invades the freedom of a nation,
 The laws o'th'land that were intended
 To keep it out, are made t'defend it.
 Does not in chanc'ry ev'ry man swear
 What makes best for him in his answer ?
 Is not the winding up witnesseſſ
 A nicking more than half the bus'ness ?

For witnesses, like watches, go
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow ;
 And where in conscience they're strait-lac'd,
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
 Do not your juries give their verdict,
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it ?
 And as they please, make matter of fact
 Run all on one side, as they're pack'd ?
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,
 To publish what he does within doors ;
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.
 If oaths can do a man no good
 In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd
 In other matters do him hurt,
 I think there's little reason for't.
 He that imposes an oath, makes it ;
 Not he that for convenience takes it :
 Then how can any man be said
 To break an oath he never made ?
 These reasons may perhaps look oddly
 To th'wicked, though th'evince the godly ;
 But if they will not serve to clear
 My honour, I am ne'er the near.
 Honour is like that glassy bubble,
 That finds philosophers such trouble,
 Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
 And wits are crack'd to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word
 To swear by, only in a lord :
 In other men 'tis but a huff,
 To vapour with, instead of proof ;
 That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it, quoth he, be what it will,
 It has the world's opinion still.
 But as men are not wise that run
 The slightest hazard they may shun ;
 There may a medium be found out
 To clear to all the world the doubt ;
 And that is, if a man may do't,
 By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear,
 Quoth Ralph, it may hold up, and clear,
 That sinners may supply the place
 Of suff'ring saints, is a plain case.
 Justice gives sentence many times
 On one man for another's crimes.
 Our brethren of New England use
 Choice malefactors to excuse,
 And hang the guilties in their stead,
 Of whom the churches have less need ;
 As lately't happen'd. In a town
 There liv'd a cobler, and but one,
 That out of doctrine could cut use,
 And mend mens lives as well as shoes.
 This precious brother having slain,
 In times of peace, an Indian,
 (Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
 Because he was an Infidel),
 The mighty Tottipottymoy
 Sent to our elders an envoy ;
 Complaining sorely of the breach
 Of league held forth by brother Patch,
 Against the articles in force
 Between both churches, his and ours,
 For which he crav'd the saints to render
 Into his hands, or hang th'offender :

But

But they maturely having weigh'd
 They had no more but him o'th'trade,
 (A man that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity to teach and coble),
 Resolv'd to spare him ; yet to do
 The Indian Hoghgan Moghgan too
 Impartial justice, in his stead did
 Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.
 Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
 And in your room another whipp'd ?
 For all philosophers, but the sceptic,
 Hold whipping may be sympathetic.

It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
 Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case ;
 And canst, in conscience, not refuse,
 From thy own doctrine, to raise use :
 I know thou wilt not, for my sake,
 Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back :
 Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
 And give thy outward-fellow a ferking ;
 For when the vessel is new hoop'd,
 All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.

Quoth Ralph, You mistake the matter :
 For in all scruples of this nature,
 No man includes himself, nor turns
 The point upon his own concerns.
 As no man of his own self catches
 The itch, or amorous French aches ;
 So no man does himself convince,
 By his own doctrine, of his sins :
 And though all cry down self, none means
 His ownself in a lit'ral sense :
 Beside, it is not only foppish,
 But vile, idolatrous, and Popish,

For one man, out of his own skin,
 To ferk and whip another's sin :
 As pedants out of schoolboys breeches
 Do claw and curry their own itches.
 But in this case it is profane,
 And sinful too, because in vain :
 For we must take our oaths upon it
 You did the deed, when I have done it.

Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon :
 Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralph, That we may swear true,
 'Twere properer that I whipp'd you :
 For when with your consent 'tis done,
 The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain,
 I see to argue 'gainst the grain ;
 Or, like the stars, incline men to
 What they're averse themselves to do :
 For when disputes are weary'd out,
 'Tis int'rest still resolves the doubt :
 But since no reason can confute ye,
 I'll try to force ye to your duty ;
 For so it is, howe'er you mince it,
 As ere we part I shall evince it ;
 And curry, if you stand out, whether
 You will or no, your stubborn leather.
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
 I' th' public work, base as thou art ?
 To higgle thus, for a few blows,
 To gain thy knight an op'lent spouse ;
 Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
 Merely for th' interest of the churches ?
 And when he has it in his claws,
 Will not be hide-bound to the cause ;

Nor

Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgin,
 If thou dispatch it without grudging :
 If not, resolve before we go,
 That you and I must pull a crow.

Y'had best, quoth Ralph, as the ancients
 Say wisely, Have a care o'th'main chance,
 And look before you ere you leap ;
 For as you sow, y'are like to reap :
 And were y'as good as George a Green,
 I shall make bold to turn agen :
 Nor am I doubtful of the issue
 In a just quarrel, and mine is so.
 Is't fitting for a man of honour
 To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner ?
 A knight t'usurp the beadle's office,
 For which y'are like to raise brave trophies :
 But I advise you, not for fear,
 But for your own sake, to forbear ;
 And for the churches, which may chance
 From hence to spring a variance ;
 And raise among themselves new scruples,
 Whom common danger hardly couples.
 Remember how, in arms and politics,
 We still haveworsted all your holy tricks ;
 Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
 And took your grandees down a peg ;
 New-modell'd th'army, and cashier'd
 All that to legion Smec adher'd ;
 Made a mere utensil o'your church,
 And after left it in the lurch ;
 A scaffold to build up our own,
 And, when w'had done with't, pull'd it down ;
 Capoch'd your rabbins of the synod,
 And snapt their canons with a why-not.

(Grave

(Grave synod-men, that were rever'd
 For solid face and depth of beard),
 Their classic model prov'd a maggot,
 Their directory an Indian pagod ;
 And drown'd their discipline like a kitten,
 On which th'had been so long a sitting ;
 Decry'd it as a holy cheat
 Grown out of date and obsolete,
 And all the saints of the first graft,
 As castling foals of Bala'm's ass.

At this the knight grew high in chafe,
 And staring furiously on Ralph,
 He trembled, and look'd pale with ire,
 Like ashes first, then red as fire.
 Have I, quoth he, been ta'en in fight,
 And for so many moons lain by't ?
 And, when all other means did fail,
 Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale ?
 Not but they thought me worth a ransom
 Much more confid'able and handsome,
 But for their own sakes, and for fear
 They were not safe when I was there ;
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
 And upstart sect'ry, and a mungrel ;
 Such as breed out of peccant humours
 Of our own church, like wens, or tumours,
 And like a maggot in a sore,
 Would that which gave it life devour ;
 It never shall be done or said.
 With that he seiz'd upon his blade ;
 And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
 Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
 With equal readiness prepar'd
 To draw and stand upon his guard ;

When

When both were parted on the sudden,
 With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
 As if all sorts of noise had been
 Contracted into one loud din,
 Or that some member to be chosen,
 Had got the odds above a thousand,
 And, by the greatness of his noise,
 Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
 This strange surprisal put the knight
 And wrathful squire into a fright:
 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal
 Impetuous rancour, to join battle;
 Both thought it was the wifest course
 To wave the fight, and mount to horse;
 And to secure, by swift retreating,
 Themselves from danger of worse beating.
 Yet neither of them would disparage,
 By utt'ring of his mind, his courage;
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
 With horror and disdain wind-bound.

And now the cause of all their fear
 By flow degrees approach'd so near,
 They might distinguish diff'rent noise
 Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
 And kettle-drums, whose fullen dub
 Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
 But when the sight appear'd in view,
 They found it was an antic shew;
 A triumph, that, for pomp and state,
 Did proudest Romans emulate:
 For as the aldermen of Rome,
 Their foes at training overcome,
 And not enlarging territory,
 (As some mistaken write in story),

Being

Being mounted in their best array,
 Upon a carr, and who but they ?
 And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
 That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
 Did ride with many a good-morrow,
 Crying, *Hey for our town*, through the borough ;
 So when this triumph drew so nigh,
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so pat,
 In all respects, as this and that.
 First, he that led the cavalcate,
 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate,
 On which he blew as strong a levet,
 As well-fee'd lawyer on his breviate ;
 When over one another's heads
 They charge, three ranks at once, like Swedes.
 Next pans, and kettles of all keys,
 From trebles down to double base.
 And after them, upon a nag,
 That might pass for a forehand stag,
 A cornet rode, and on his staff
 A smock display'd did proudly wave ;
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
 With snuffling broken-winded tones,
 Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the gut,
 And make a viler noise than swine,
 In windy weather when they whine,
 Next one upon a pair of panniers,
 Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
 Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,
 Which he dispens'd among the swains,
 And busily upon the croud
 At random round about bestow'd.

Then

Then mounted on a horned horse,
 One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
 Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword
 He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward:
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
 The conqu'ror's standard-bearer rid,
 And bore aloft before the champion
 A petticoat display'd, and rampant:
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant
 Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
 Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
 The warrior whilom overcome;
 Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,
 Which, as he rode, she made him twist off:
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
 Chaftis'd the reformado soldier.
 Before the dame, and round about,
 March'd whifflers, and staffiers on foot,
 With lakkies, grooms, valets, and pages,
 In fit and proper equipages;
 Of whom, some torches bore, some links,
 Before the proud virago-minx;
 That was both madam and a don,
 Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
 And at fit periods the whole rout
 Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.
 The knight transported, and the squire,
 Put up their weapons and their ire;
 And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
 On such fights with judicious wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His an'madversions, for his heart.
 Quoth he, In all my life till now
 I ne'er saw so profane a show.

It is a Paganish invention,
 Which Heathen writers often mention :
 And he who made it had read Goodwin,
 Or Ross, or Caelius Rodigine,
 With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
 That best describe those ancient shows ;
 And has observ'd all fit decorums
 We find describ'd by old historians :
 For as the Roman conqueror,
 That put an end to foreign war,
 Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
 Bore a slave with him in his chariot ;
 So this insulting female brave
 Carries behind her here a slave :
 And as the ancients long ago,
 When they in field defy'd the foe,
 Hung out their *mantles della guerre* ;
 So her proud standard-bearer here
 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
 A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
 Next links, and torches, heretofore
 Still borne before the emperor.
 And as, in antic triumphs, eggs
 Were borne for mystical intrigues ;
 There's one in truncheon, like a ladle,
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addle ;
 And still at random, as he goes,
 Among the rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth Ralphe, You mistake the matter ;
 For all th'antiquity you smatter,
 Is but a riding, us'd of course,
 When the gray-mare's the better horse ;
 When o'er the breeches greedy women
 Fight, to extend their vast dominion ;

H

And

And in the cause impatient Grizel
 Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
 And brought him under covert-baron,
 To turn her vassal with a murrain ;
 When wives their sexes shift, like hares,
 And ride their husbands, like night-mares,
 And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,
 Are of their charter disinfranchis'd,
 And by their right of war, like gills,
 Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels :
 For when men by their wives are cow'd,
 Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
 Impertinently, and against sense.
 'Tis not the least disparagement,
 To be defeated by th'event,
 Nor to be beaten by main force ;
 That does not make a man the worse,
 Altho' his shoulders with battoon
 Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune ;
 A tailors prentice has no hard
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard :
 But to turn tail, or run away,
 And without blows give up the day ;
 O: to surrender ere th'assault,
 That's no man's fortune, but his fault ;
 And renders men of honour less
 Than all th'adversity of success :
 And only unto such this shew
 Of horns and petticoats is due.
 There is a lesser profanation,
 Like that the Romans call'd *ovation* :
 For as ovation was allow'd
 For conquest purchas'd without blood ;

So men decree those lesser shows,
For vict'ry gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with, and overcome ;
These mounted in a chair-curule,
Which moderns call a *cuckling-stool*,
March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride ;
Like dukes of *Venice*, who are said
The Adriatic sea to wed ;
And have a gentler wife than those
For whom the state decrees those shows.
But both are Heathenish, and come
From th'whores of *Babylon* and *Rome* ;
And by the saints should be withheld,
As antichristian and lewd ;
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our outmost strugglings to prohibit.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling croud,
T'attack the leader, and still prest,
Till they approach'd him breast to breast.
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence ; which obtain'd,
What means, quoth he, this devil's procession
With men of orthodox profession ?
'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,
From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the whore of Bab'lon ride
Upon her horned beast astride,
Like this proud dame, who either is
A type of her, or she of this ?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine :

It is an antichristian opera,
 Much us'd in midnight-times of Popery ;
 Of running after self-inventions
 Of wicked and profane intentions ;
 To scandalize that sex, for scolding,
 To whom the saints are so beholding.
 Women, who were our first apostles,
 Without whose aid w'had all been lost else ;
 Women, that left no stone unturn'd
 In which the cause might be concern'd,
 Brought in their childrens spoons and whistles,
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols ;
 Their husbands cullies, and sweet-hearts,
 To take the saints and churches parts ;
 Drew several gifted brethren in,
 That for the bishops would have been,
 And fix'd 'em constant to the party,
 With motives powerful and hearty :
 Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
 T'administer unto their gifts
 All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
 To scraps and ends of gold and silver ;
 Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent
 With holding forth for parliament :
 Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
 With marrow-puddings many a meal ;
 Enabled them, with store of meat,
 On controverted points to eat ;
 And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ake,
 With cawdle, custard, and plum-cake.
 What have they done, or what left undone,
 That might advance the cause at London ?
 March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
 T'intrench the city for defence in ?

Rais'd

Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
 To put the enemy to stands?
 From ladies down to oyster-wenches
 Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
 Fell to their pickaxes and tools,
 And help'd the men to dig like moles?
 Have not the handmaids of the city
 Chose of their members a committee,
 For raising of a common purse
 Out of their wages, to raise horse?
 And do they not as triers fit,
 To judge what officers are fit?
 Have they —? At that an egg let fly,
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,
 And running down his cheek, besmear'd
 With orange tawny slime his beard;
 But beard and slime b'ing of one hue,
 The wound the less appear'd in view.
 Then he that on the panniers rode,
 Let fly on th'other side a load;
 And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
 In Ralpho's face another volley.
 The knight was startled with the smell,
 And for his sword began to feel:
 And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
 Grasp'd his; when one that bore a link,
 O'th'sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
 Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;
 And straight another, with his flambeaux,
 Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
 The beasts began to kick and fling,
 And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
 Through which they quickly broke their way,
 And brought them off from further fray.

And though disorder'd in retreat,
 Each of them stoutly kept his seat :
 For quitting both their swords and reins,
 They grasp'd with all their strength the mares,
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
 With spurring put their cattle to't ;
 And till all four were out of wind,
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
 After th'had paus'd a while, supplying
 Their spirits spent with fight and flying,
 And Hudibras recruited force
 Of lungs for action, or discourse :

Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes :
 For where no honour's to be gain'd,
 'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.
 'Twas well for us, we had to do
 With so dishonourable a foe :
 For though the law of arms doth bar
 'The use of venom'd shot in war ;
 Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,
 Their case-shot savours strong of poison ;
 And doubtless has been chew'd with teeth
 Of some that had a stinking breath ;
 Else when we put it to the push,
 'They had not giv'n us such a brush :
 But as those pultroons that fling dirt,
 Do but defile, but cannot hurt :
 So all the honour they have won,
 Or we have lost, is much at one.
 'Twas well we made so resolute
 A brave retreat, without pursuit ;
 For if we had not, we had sped
 Much worse, to be in triumph led ;

Than

Than which the ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
It may, b'ing destin'd to assert
Her sex's honour, reach her heart.
And as such homely treats, they say,
Portend good fortune, so this may.
Vespasian being doub'd with dirt,
Was destin'd to the empire for't ;
And from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome :
And why may not this foul address
Presage in love the same success ?
Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest ponds ;
And after, as we first design'd,
Swear I've perform'd what she injoin'd.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight, with various doubts possess'd,
To win the lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosycrucian,
To know the deſt'ries resolution :
With whom b'ing met, they both chop Logic
About the ſcience astrologic ;
Till falling from diſpute to fight,
The conjer'r'sworſted by the knight.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat :
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That leaſt perceive a juggler's flight ;
And ſtill the leſs they understand,
The more th'admire his flight of hand.

Some with a noife, and greasy light,
Are ſnapt, as men catch larks by night,
Inſnar'd and hamper'd by the ſoul,
As noofes by the legs catch fowl.
Some with a med'cine, and receipt,
Are drawn to nibble at the bait ;
And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t'an organ
So ſweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown ;

Until

Until with subtle cobweb-cheats,
 Th'are catch'd in knotted law, like nets :
 In which, when once they are inbrangled,
 The more they stir, the more they're tangled ;
 And while their purses can dispute,
 There's no end of th'immortal suit.

Others still gape t'anticipate
 The cabinet-designs of fate ;
 Apply to wizzards, to foresee
 What shall, and what shall never be.
 And as those vultures do forebode,
 Believe events prove bad or good.
 A flamm more senseless than the rog'ry
 Of old aruspicy and aug'ry,
 That out of garbages of cattle
 Presag'd the events of truce, or battle ;
 From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
 Success of great'ft attempts would reckon :
 Though cheats yet more intelligible,
 Than those that with the stars do fribble.
 This Hudibras by proof found true,
 As in due time and place we'll shew :
 For he with beard and face made clean
 B'ing mounted on his steed agen ;
 (And Ralpho got a cock-horse too
 Upon his beast, with much ado).
 Advanc'd on for the widow's house,
 Tacquit himself, and pay his vows ;
 When various thoughts began to bustle,
 And with his inward man to jostle.
 He thought what danger might accrue,
 If she should find he swore untrue :
 Or if his squire or he should fail,
 And not be punctual in their tale ;

It might at once the ruin prove
 Both of his honour, faith, and love,
 But if he should forbear to go,
 She might conclude h'had broke his vow ;
 And that he durst not now for shame
 Appear in court to try his claim.
 This was the pen'worth of his thought,
 To pass time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, In all my past adventures,
 I ne'er was set so on the tenters ;
 Or taken tardy with dilemma,
 That ev'ry way I turn does hem me ;
 And with inextricable doubt,
 Besets my puzzled wits about :
 For though the dame has been my bail,
 To free me from enchanted jail ;
 Yet as a dog, committed close
 For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
 And quits his clog ; but all in vain,
 He still draws after him his chain :
 So though my uncle she has quitted,
 My heart continues still committed ;
 And like a bail'd and main-priz'd lover,
 Although at large, I am bound over.
 And when I shall appear in court,
 To plead my cause, and answer for't,
 Unless the judge do partial prove,
 What will become of me and love ?

For if in our account we vary,
 Or but in circumstance miscarry ;
 Or if she put me to strict proof,
 And make me pull my doublet off,
 To shew, by evident record
 Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,

How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But faith, and love, and honour lost,
Shall be reduc'd t'a knight o'th'post?
Beside, that stripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument;
And justify I have a tail,
And that way too, my proof may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And solve the problems of my fate;
Or find by necromantic art,
How far the dest'ries take my part;
For if I were not more than certain
To win, and wear her, and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtship,
To hazard soul, estate, and worship;
For though an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou hast prov'd), yet 'tis profane,
And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells;
To whom all people, far and near
On deep importances repair;
When bras and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way:
When geese and pullen are feduc'd,
And sows of sucking pigs are chous'd;
When cattle feel indisposition,
And need th'opinion of physician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip;

When

When yeast and outward means do fail,
 And have no pow'r to work on ale ;
 When butter does refuse to come,
 And love proves cross and humoursome ;
 To him with questions, and with urine,
 They for discovery flock, or curing.

Quo:th Hudibras, This Sidrophel
 I've heard of, and should like it well,
 If thou canst prove the saints have freedom
 To go to forc'ers when they need 'em.

Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that ;
 Those principles I quoted late,
 Prove that the godly may allege
 For any thing their privilege ;
 And to the dev'l himself may go,
 If they have motives thereunto.
 For as there is a war between
 The dev'l and them, it is no sin,
 If they by subtle stratagem
 Make use of him, as he does them.
 Has not this present parliament
 A ledger to the devil sent,
 Fully empower'd to treat about
 Finding revolted witches out ?
 And has not he, within a year,
 Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire ?
 Some only for not being drown'd,
 And some for sitting above ground,
 Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches.
 And some for putting knavish tricks
 Upon green geese, and turkey-chicks,
 Or pigs that suddenly deceast
 Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest ;

Who

Who after prov'd himself a witch,
 And made a rod for his own breech.
 Did not the devil appear to Martin
 Luther in Germany, for certain ;
 And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
 But Mart. was too too politic ?
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge
 At Antwerp their cathedral church ?
 Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,
 And tell them all they came to ask him !
 Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
 And speak i'th'nun of Loudon's belly,
 Meet with the parliament's committee,
 At Woodstock on a pers'nal treaty ?
 At Sarum take a cavalier
 I'th'cause's service prisoner ?
 As Withers in immortal rhyme
 Has register'd to after-time.
 Do not our great reformers use
 This Sidrophel to forbode news ;
 To write of victories next year,
 And castles taken yet i'th'air ?
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse ?
 A total overthrow giv'n the King
 In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring ?
 And has not he point-blank foretold
 What's-e'er the close committee would ?
 Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,
 The moon for fundamental laws :
 The ram, the bull, and goat declare
 Against the book of common-pray'r ?
 The scorpion take the protestation,
 And bear engage for reformation ;

Made

Made all the royal stars recant,
Compound and take the covenant?

Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear,
'The saints may 'mploy a conjurer ;
As thou hast prov'd it by their practice ;
No argument like matter of fact is.

And we are best of all led to
Mens principles, by what they do.
Then let us straight advance in quest
Of this profound gymnosophist ;
And as the fates and he advise,
Pursue, or wave this enterprise.

This said, he turn'd about his steed,
And eftsoons on th'adventure rid ;
Where leave we him and Ralph a while,
And to the conjurer turn our style,
To let our reader understand
What's useful of him beforehand.

He had been long t'wards mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology :
But, as the dog that turns the spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain
His own weight brings him down again ;
And still he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was :
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his nat'ral parts ;
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat :
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter ;

Whate'er

Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
 His understanding still was clear.
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
 Since old Hodg Bacon and Bob Grostet.
 Th'intelligible world he knew,
 And all men dream on't, to be true ;
 That in this world there's not a wart
 That has not there a counterpart ;
 Nor can there on the face of ground
 An individual beard be found,
 That has not, in that foreign nation,
 A fellow of the self-same fashion ;
 So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
 As those are in th'inferior world :
 H'had read Dee's prefaces before,
 The Dev'l and Euclid o'er and o'er ;
 And all th'intrigues, 'twixt him and Kelly,
 Lescus and th'Emperor wou'd tell ye :
 But with the moon was more familiar
 Than e'er was almanack well-willer ;
 Her secrets understood so clear,
 That some believ'd he had been there ;
 Knew when she was in fittest mood,
 For cutting corns, or letting blood ;
 When for anointing scabs or itches,
 Or to the bum applying leeches ;
 When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
 And in what sign best cyder's made ;
 Whether the wane be, or increase,
 Best to set garlick, or sow pease :
 Who first found out the man i'th'moon,
 That to the ancients was unknown ;
 How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
 Are in the planetary spheres ;

Their

Their airy empire, and command,
 Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land ;
 What factions th'have, and what they drive at
 In public vogue, or what in private ;
 With what designs and interests
 Each party manages contests.
 He made an instrument to know
 If the moon shine at full or no ;
 That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
 Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate ;
 Tell what her d'meter t'an inch is,
 And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
 It would demonstrate, that the man in
 The moon's a sea Mediterranean ;
 And that it is no dog or bitch,
 That stands behind him at his breech,
 But a huge Caspian sea, or lake
 With arms, which men for legs mistake ;
 How large a gulf his tail composes,
 And what a goodly bay his nose is ;
 How many German leagues by th'scale
 Cape Snout's from promontory Tail.
 He made a planetary gin,
 Which rats would run their own heads in.
 And come on purpose to be taken,
 Without th'expence of cheese or bacon :
 With lute-strings he would counterfeit
 Maggots that crawl on dish or meat ;
 Quote moles and spots on any place
 O'th'body, by the index face ;
 Detect lost maidenheads, by sneezing,
 Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing ;
 Cure warts and corns, with application
 Of med'cines to th'imagination ;

Fright

Fright agues into dogs, and scare
 With rhymes the tooth-ach and catarrh :
 Chase evil spirits away by dint
 Of cickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint ;
 Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
 Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;
 And fire a mine in China here,
 With sympathetic gun-powder.
 He knew what's ever's to be known,
 But much more than he knew would own ;
 What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus
 Could make a man with, as he tells us ;
 What figur'd flates are best to make
 On wat'ry surface duck or drake :
 What bowling-stones, in running race
 Upon a board, have swiftest pace ;
 Whether a pulse beat in the black
 List of a dappled louse's back ;
 If systole or diastole move
 Quickest when he's in wrath or love ;
 When two of them do run a race,
 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace ;
 How many scores a flea will jump,
 Of his own length, from head to rump ;
 Which Socrates and Chaerephon
 In vain assay'd so long agone ;
 Whether his snout a perfect nose is,
 And not an elephant's proboscis ;
 How many different species
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheese ;
 And which are next of kin to those
 Engender'd in a chandler's nose ;
 Or those not seen, but understood,
 That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
 That him in place of Zany serv'd,
 Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw
 Not wine, but more unwholesome law ;
 To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
 Wide as meridians in maps ;
 To squander paper, and spare ink,
 Or cheat men of their words, some think.
 From this, by merited degrees,
 He'd to more high advancement rise ;
 To be an under-conjurer,
 Or journeyman-astrologer :
 His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
 And men with their own keys unriddle,
 To make them to themselves give answers,
 For which they pay the necromancers ;
 To fetch and carry intelligence,
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
 And all discoveries disperse
 Among th' whole pack of conjurers ;
 What cut-purses have left with them,
 For the right owners to redeem ;
 And what they dare not vent, find out,
 To gain themselves and th'art repute :
 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
 Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers shops,
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart ;
 And find out all by rules of art :
 Which way a serving-man, that's run
 With cloaths or money away, is gone ;
 Who pick'd a fob at holding forth,
 And where a watch for half the worth
 May be redeem'd ; or stolen plate
 Restor'd at consonable rate.

Beside

Beside all this, he serv'd his master
 In quality of poetaster :
 And rhymes appropriate could make
 To ev'ry month i'th'almanack ;
 When terms begin and end could tell,
 With their returns, in doggerel ;
 When the exchequer opes and shuts,
 And sowgelder with safety cuts ;
 When men may eat and drink their fill,
 And when be temp'rate if they will ;
 When use, and when abstain from vice,
 Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
 And as in prison mean rogues beat
 Hemp for the service of the great ;
 So Whachum beat his dirty brains
 To advance his master's fame and gains ;
 And, like the devil's oracles,
 Put into dogg'rel rhymes his spells,
 Which, over ev'ry month's blank page
 I'th'almanack, strange bilks preface.
 He would an elegy compose
 On maggots squeez'd out of his nose ;
 In lyric numbers write an ode on
 His mistress, eating a black-pudden ;
 And when imprison'd air escap'd her,
 It puff'd him with poetic rapture.
 His sonnets charm'd th'attentive croud,
 By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
 That, circled with his long-ear'd guests,
 Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts ;
 A carman's horse could not pass by,
 But stood ty'd up to poetry ;
 No porter's burden pass'd along,
 But serv'd for burden to his song.

Each

Each window, like a pill'ry appears,
 With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears.
 All trades run in as to the sight
 Of monsters, or their dear delight
 The gallows-tree, when cutting purse
 Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,
 Which none does hear, but would have hung
 T'have been the theme of such a song.

Those two together long had liv'd,
 In mansion prudently contriv'd ;
 Where neither tree, nor house could bar
 The free detection of a star ;
 And nigh an ancient obelisk
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
 On which was written, not in words,
 But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
 Many rare pithy saws concerning
 The worth of astrologic learning :
 From top of this there hung a rope,
 To which he fasten'd telescope ;
 The spectacles with which the stars
 He reads in smallest characters.
 It happen'd as a boy, one night,
 Did fly his tarsel of a kite ;
 The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,
 That, like a bird of paradise,
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs ;
 His train was six yards long, milk-white,
 At th'end of which there hung a light,
 Inclos'd in lanthorn made of paper,
 That far off like a star did appear.
 This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
 And with amazement staring wide,

Bless us! quoth he, what dreadful wonder
 Is that appears in heaven yonder?
 A comet, and without a beard,
 Or star that ne'er before appear'd?
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scowl
 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
 With which, like Indian plantations,
 The learned stock the constellations;
 Nor those that drawn for signs have been,
 To th' houses where the planets inn.
 It must be supernatural;
 Unless it be the cannon-ball,
 That, shot i'th' air point-blank upright,
 Was born to that prodigious height,
 That learn'd philosophers maintain,
 It ne'er came backwards down again;
 But, in the airy region yet,
 Hangs like the body of Mahomet:
 For if it be above the shade
 That by the earth's round bulk is made,
 'Tis probable it may from far
 Appear no bullet, but a star.

This said, he to his engine flew,
 Plac'd near at hand in open view,
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right
 Against the glow-worm tail of kite.
 Then peeping through, Bless us! quoth he,
 It is a planet now I see;
 And, if I err not, by his proper
 Figure, that like tobacco-stopper,
 It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear
 'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there?
 He's got between the dragon's tail,
 And farther leg behind o'th'whale:

Pray

Pray Heaven divert the fatal omen,
 For 'tis a prodigy not common ;
 And can no less than the world's end,
 Or nature's funeral portend.
 With that he fell again to pry
 Through perspective more wistfully ;
 When by mischance the fatal string,
 That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
 Breaking, down fell the star : Well shot,
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
 H'had levell'd at a star, and hit it.
 But Sidrophel, more subtil-witted,
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a star fall ?
 It threatens nature, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come !
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
 The day of judgments not far off :
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
 And some of us find out by magic.
 Then since the time we have to live
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive
 To make our best advantage of it,
 And pay our losses with our profit.

Thisfeat fell out not long before
 The knight, upon the forenam'd score,
 In quest of Sidrophel advancing,
 Was now in prospect of the mansion :
 Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his glas,
 And found far off, 'twas Hudibras.

Whacum, quothe he, look yonder, some
 To try or use our art are come :
 The one's the learned knight ; seek out,
 And pump 'em what they come about.

Whachum

Whachum advanc'd with all submissness
 T'accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness :
 He held a stirrup while the knight
 From leathern bare-bones did alight ;
 And taking from his hand the bridle,
 Approach'd the dark squire to unriddle :
 He gave him first the time o'th'day,
 And welcom'd him, as he might say :
 He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
 Their bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither,
 Did you not lose? — Quoth Ralpho, Nay.
 Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!
 Your knight — Quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
 And pains intol'able doth suffer :
 For lovers hearts are not their own hearts,
 Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
 What time? — Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
 Three years it off and on has hung —
 Quoth he, I mean what time o'the day 'tis.
 Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 'tis.
 Why then, quoth Whachum, my small art
 Tells me the dame has a hard heart ;
 Or great estate — Quoth Ralpho, A jointure,
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t'her.
 Mean while the knight was making water,
 Before he fell upon the matter ;
 Which having done, the wizard steps in,
 To give him suitable reception ;
 But kept his bus'ness at a bay,
 Till Whachum put him in the way ;
 Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
 Expounded th'errand of the knight ;
 And what he came to know, drew near,
 To whisper in the conj'rer's ear ;

Which

Which he pretended thus: What was't,
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,
 Before these gentlemen arriv'd?
 Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,
 In opposition with Mars,
 And no benign and friendly stars
 T'allay th'effect. Quoth wizard, So!
 In Virgo? Ha! quoth Whachum, No:
 Has Saturn nothing to do in it?
 One tenth's of's circle to a minute.
 'Tis well, quoth he, — Sir, you'll excuse
 This rudeness I am forc'd to use;
 It is a scheme and face of heaven,
 As th'aspects are dispos'd this even,
 I was contemplating upon
 When you arriv'd; but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
 Unseasonable in coming here
 At such a time to interrupt
 Your speculations, which I hop'd
 Assistance from, and come to use,
 'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,
 The stars your coming did foretell;
 I did expect you here, and knew
 Before you spake your bus'ness too.

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
 And I shall credit whatsoe'er
 You tell me after on your word,
 Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
 Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
 And for three years has rid your wit
 And passion, without drawing bit:

And

And now your bus'ness is to know
If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right;
But how the devil you came by't,
I can't imagine; for the stars,
I'm sure, can tell no more than horse;
Nor can their aspects, though you pore
Your eyes out on 'em, tell you more
Than th'oracle of sieve and sheers;
That turns as certain as the spheres:
But if the devil's of your council,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on his account I come
To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take th'alarm,
Your bus'ness is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear;
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology.
But for the dev'l, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy;
Your words of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The mystic sense of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms,
To raise the devil, and mean one thing
And that is down-right conjuring;

I

And

And in itself more warrantable
 Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
 Or putting tricks upon the moon,
 Which by confed'racy are done.
 Your ancient conjurers were wont
 To make her from her sphere dismount,
 And to their incantations stoop ;
 They scorn'd to pore through telescope,
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,
 Which ev'ry almanack can tell
 Perhaps as learnedly and well
 As you yourself. — Then, friend, I doubt
 You go the farthest way about :
 Your modern Indian magician
 Makes but a hole in th'earth to piss in,
 And straight resolves all questions by't,
 And seldom fails to be i'th'right.
 The Rosycrucian way's more sure
 To bring the devil to the lure ;
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin,
 To catch intelligences in.
 Some by the nose with fumes trapan 'em,
 As Dunstan did the devil's grannum ;
 Others with characters and words
 Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds ;
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
 Ingrav'd in planetary nicks.
 Which their own infl'ences will fetch 'em
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em ;
 Make 'em depose, and answer to
 All questions, ere they let them go.
 Bumbastus kept a devil's bird
 Shut in the pummel of his sword,

That

That taught him all the cunning pranks
 Of past and future mountebanks.
 Kelly did all his feats upon
 The devil's looking-glass, a stone ;
 Where playing with him at bo-peep,
 He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.
 Agrippa kept a Stygian pug
 I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
 That was his tutor, and the cur
 Read to th' occult philosopher,
 And taught him subt'ly to maintain
 All other sciences are vain.

To this, quoth Sidrophel, Oh ! Sir,
 Agrippa was no conjurer,
 Nor Paracelsus, nor nor Behmen ;
 Nor was the dog a cacodaemon.
 But a true dog that would shew tricks
 For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks ;
 Would fetch and carry, was more civil
 Than other dogs, but yet no devil ;
 And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
 He went the self-same way we go.
 As for the Rosy-crofs philosophers,
 Whom you will have to be but forc'rers,
 What they pretend to, is no more
 Than Trismegistus did before,
 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,
 And Apollonius their master ;
 To whom they do confess they owe
 All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas ! what is't t'us,
 Whether 'twere said by Trismegistus,
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic ?

'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
 That makes truth truth, altho' Time's daughter ;
 'Twas he that put her in the pit,
 Before he pull'd her out of it ;
 And as he eats his sons, just so
 He feeds upon his daughters too :
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,
 To be descended of a race
 Of ancient kings, in a small space ;
 That we should all opinions hold
 Authentic, that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part
 Of prudence to cry down an art ;
 And what it may perform, deny,
 Because you understand not why.
 (As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
 To damn our whole art for eccentric).
 For who knows all that knowledge contains ?
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
 But on their sides, or rising's seat ;
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
 Do not the hist'ries of all ages
 Relate miraculous presages
 Of strange turns in the world's affairs
 Foreseen b'astrologers, soothsayers,
 Chaldeans, learned genethliacs,
 And some that have writ almanacks ?
 The Median emp'ror dream'd his daughter
 Had piſ'd all Asia under water,
 And that a vine, sprung from her hanches,
 O'erspread his empire with its branches ;
 And did not soothsayers expound it,
 As after by th'event he found it ?

When

When Caesar in the senate fell,
 Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,
 And, in resentment of his slaughter,
 Look pale for almost a year after ?
 Augustus having b'oversight
 Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
 Had like to have been slain that day
 By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.
 Are there not myriads of this sort,
 Which stories of all times report ?
 Is it not om'ous in all countries,
 When crows and ravens croak upon trees ?
 The Roman senate, when within
 The city-walls an owl was seen,
 Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
 (Our synod calls humiliations),
 The round-fac'd prodigy t'avert,
 From doing town and country hurt.
 And if an owl have so much pow'r,
 Why should not planets have much more,
 That in a region far above
 Inferior fowls of the air move ?
 And should see farther, and foreknow
 More than their augury below ?
 Though that once serv'd the polity
 Of mighty states to govern by ;
 And this is what we take in hand
 By pow'rful art to understand ;
 Which how we have perform'd, all ages
 Can speak th'events of our presages.
 Have we not lately, in the moon,
 Found a new world, to th'old unknown ?
 Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
 And Magellan could never compass ?

Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there ?

Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,
That I, without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie :
For Anaxagoras long agone
Saw hills, as well as you, i'th'moon ;
And held the sun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece ;
Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one ;
And, rather than he would recant
'Th'opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas ! is it to us,
Whether i'th'moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns ?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France ?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learn'd at Rome ?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions ?
What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence ?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions ?
Are sweating lanthorns, or screen-fans,
Made better there, than they're in France ?
Or do they teach to sing and play
'O'th' gittar there a newer way ?
Can they make plays there that shall fit
'The public humour, with less wit ?

Write

Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows ?
Or does the man i'th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig,
Shew in his gate or face more tricks
Than our own native lunatics ?
But if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come ?
As wind i'th' hypocondries pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent ;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new light and prophecy :
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And savour strongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full moon ever, but the half ;
Resolve that with our Jacob's staff ;
Or why wolves raise a hubub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water ;
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote ?

3

At this, deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
And staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of sapience, and began to bluster :
For having three times shook his head
To stir his wit up, thus he said.
Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geese ;

Those consecrated geese in orders,
 That to the capitol were warders :
 And being then upon patrole,
 With noise alone beat off the Gaul :
 Or those Athenian sceptic owls,
 That will not credit their own souls ;
 Or any science understand
 Beyond the reach of eye or hand :
 But meas'ring all things by their own
 Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known :
 Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
 Houses cry down all philosophy,
 And will not know upon what ground
 In nature we our doctrine found,
 Although with pregnant evidence
 We can demonstrate it to sense,
 As I just now have done to you,
 Fortelling what you came to know.
 Were the stars only made to light
 Robbers and burglaries by night ;
 To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
 And lovers solacing behind doors,
 Or giving one another pledges
 Of matrimony under hedges ?
 Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
 Cutting from malefactors snippets ?
 Or from the pill'ry tips of ears
 Of rebel-saints, and perjurers ?
 Only to stand by, and look on,
 But not know what is said or done ?
 Is there a constellation there,
 That was not born and bred up here ?
 And therefore cannot be to learn
 In any inferior concern.

Were

Were they not, during all their lives,
 Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves ?
 And is it like they have not still
 In their old practices some skill ?
 Is there a planet that by birth
 Does not derive its house from earth ?
 And therefore probably must know
 What is and hath been done below :
 Who made the balance, or whence came
 The bull, the lion, and the ram ?
 Did not we here the Argo rig,
 Make Berenice's perriwig ?
 Whose liv'ry does the coachman wear ?
 Or who made Cassiopeia's chair ?
 And therefore as they came from hence,
 With us may hold intelligence.
 Plato deny'd, the world can be
 Govern'd without geometry ;
 (For money b'ing the common scale
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale ;
 In all th'affairs of church and state,
 'Tis both the balance and the weight) :
 Then much less can it be without
 Divine astrology made out ;
 That puts the other down in worth,
 As far as heav'n's above the earth.

These reasons, quoth the knight, I grant
 Are something more significant
 Than any that the learned use
 Upon this subject to produce ;
 And yet they're far from satisfactory
 T'establish, and keep up your factory.
 Th'Egyptians say, the sun has twice
 Shifted his setting and his rise :

Twice has he risen in the west,
As many times set in the east ;
But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know.

Some hold the heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up ;
And were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground :

As sage Empedocles of old,
And from him modern authors hold.

Plato believ'd the sun and moon
Below all other planets run.

Some Mercury, some Venus seat
Above the sun himself in height.

The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd

That, in twelve hundred years and odd,
The sun had left its ancient road,

And nearer to the earth is come
'bove fifty thousand miles from home :

Sware 'twas a most notorious flam,
And he that had so little shame
To vent such fopperies abroad,

Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd :

Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the rod much more,

That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.

Cardan believ'd great states depend
Upon the tip o'th' bear's tail's end ;

That as she whisk'd it t'wards the sun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down :

Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true bears have no tails.

Some say the zodiac constellations
 Have long since chang'd their antique stations
 Above a sign, and prove the same
 In Taurus now, once in the Ram ;
 Affirm the trigons chop'd and chang'd,
 The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd :
 Then how can their effects still hold
 To be the same they were of old ?
 This, though the art were true, would make
 Our modern soothsayers mistake ;
 And is one cause they tell more lies,
 In figures and nativities,
 Than th'old Chaldean conjurers,
 In so many hundred thousand years ;
 Beside their nonsense in translating,
 For want of accidence and Latin,
 Like *Idus*, and *Calendae*, Englisch
 The quarter-days by skilful linguist :
 And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
 'Twill serve their turn to do thefeat :
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing
 Of things before they are in being ;
 To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
 And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd ;
 Make them the constellations prompt,
 And give 'em back their own accompt :
 But still the best to him that gives
 The best price for't, or best believes.
 Some towns and cities, some for brevity
 Have cast the 'versal world's nativity ;
 And made the infant-stars confess,
 Like fools or children, what they please.
 Some calculate the hidden fates
 Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats :

Some

Some running nags, and fighting cocks,
 Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox :
 Some take a measure of the lives
 Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives ;
 Make opposition, trine and quartile,
 Tell who is barren, and who fertile :
 As if the planet's first aspect
 The tender infant did infect
 In soul and body, and instill
 All future good, and future ill :
 Which, in their dark fatalties lurking,
 At destin'd periods fall a-working ;
 And break out, like the hidden seeds
 Of long diseases, into deeds,
 In friendships, enmities, and strife,
 And all th'emergencies of life :
 No sooner does he peep into
 The world, but he has done his do-
 Catch'd all diseases, took all physic
 That cures or kills a man that is sick ;
 Marry'd his punctual dose of wives,
 Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives,
 There's but the twinkling of a star
 Between a man of peace and war ;
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,
 A huffing officer, and a slave ;
 A crafty lawyer, and a pick-pocket,
 A great philosopher, and a blockhead ;
 A formal preacher, and a player,
 A learn'd physician, and manslayer :
 As if men from the stars did suck
 Old age, diseases, and ill luck,
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
 Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice ;

And

And draw, with the first air they breathe,
 Battle, and murder, sudden death.
 Are not these fine commodities,
 To be imported from the skies,
 And vended here among the rabble,
 For staple goods, and warrantable ?
 Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
 In th' other world to be restor'd ?

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
 You wrong the art, and artists too,
 Since arguments are lost on those
 That do our principles oppose ;
 I will (although I've done't before)
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,
 And draw a figure that shall tell you,
 What you, perhaps, forget besel you,
 By way of horary inspection,
 Which some account our worst erection.
 With that he circles draws, and squares,
 With cyphers, astral characters ;
 Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
 Although set down hab-nab, at random.

Quoth he, This scheme o'th'heavens set,
 Discovers how in fight you met,
 At Kingston, with a May-pole idol,
 And that y'were bang'd both back and side well,
 And though you overcame the bear,
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair ;
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
 And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
 You are no conj'rer, by your leave ;
 That paltry story is untrue,
 And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true! quoth he, howe'er you vapour,
 I can what I affirm make appear;
 Whachum shall justify't t'your face,
 And prove he was upon the place:
 He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,
 Transform'd t'a Frenchman by my art;
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
 Chews'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead,
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here i'th'house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
 That argument's demonstrative;
 Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
 A constable to seize the wretches:
 For tho' they're both false knaves and cheats,
 Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
 I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
 As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
 They're guilty by their own confessions
 Of felony, and at the sessions
 Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,
 That the vibration of this pendulum
 Shall make all taylors yards of one
 Unanimous opinion:
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,
 But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
 To find friends that will bear me out:
 Nor have I hazarded my art,
 And neck, so long on the state's part,
 To be expos'd i'th'end to suffer,
 By such a braggadocio huffer.

Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this sword
 Shall down thy false throat cram that word.

Ralpho,

Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
 To apprehend this Stygian sophister :
 Mean while I'll hold 'em at a bay,
 Lest he and Whachum run away.
 But Sidrophel, who, from th' aspect
 Of Hudibras, did now erect
 A figure, worse portending far
 Than that of most malignant star,
 Believ'd it now the fittest moment
 To shun the danger that might come on't,
 While Hudibras was all alone,
 And he and Whachum, two to one :
 This b'ing resolv'd, he spy'd by chance
 Behind the door an iron lance,
 That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
 And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd ;
 He snatch'd it up, and made a pass
 To make his way through Hudibras.
 Whachum had got a fire-fork,
 With which he vow'd to do his work.
 But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
 And stoutly stood upon his guard :
 He put by Sidrophelo's thrust,
 And in right manfully he rusht ;
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
 And laid him on the earth along.
 Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
 And basely turn'd his back to fly ;
 But Hudibras gave him a twitch
 As quick as lightning in the breech ;
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
 As wise philosophers have judg'd,
 Because a kick, in that place, more
 Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.

Quoth

Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
 You are my prisoners, base vermine :
 Could they not tell you so, as well
 As what I came to know foretell ?
 By this what cheats you are we find,
 That in your own concerns are blind.
 Your lives are now at my dispose,
 To be redeem'd by fine or blows :
 But who his honour would defile,
 To take, or sell, two lives so vile !
 I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage,
 The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,
 Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
 That's mine, the law of arms allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell
 To rummaging of Sidrophel.
 First, he expounded both his pockets,
 And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
 Which had been left with him to'erect
 A figure for, and so detect ;
 A copper-plate, with almanacks
 Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,
 Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
 And blank schemes, to discover nimmers :
 A moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
 And sev'ral constellation stones,
 Engrav'd in planetary hours,
 That over mortals had strange pow'rs,
 To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
 And stab or poison to evade ;
 In wit or wisdom to improve,
 And be victorious in love.
 Whachum had neither crofs nor pile,
 His plunder was not worth the while ;

All which the conqu'ror did or discompt,
 To pay for curing of his rump.
 But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
 As rota-men of politics,
 Straight cast about to over-reach
 Th'unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,
 And make him glad (at least) to quit
 His victory, and fly the pit,
 Before the secular prince of darkness
 Arriv'd to seize upon his carcase :
 And as a fox, with hot pursuit
 Chas'd through a warren, casts about
 To save his credit, and among
 Dead vermin on a gallows hung ;
 And, while the dogs run underneath,
 Escap'd, (by counterfeiting death),
 Not out of cunning ; but a train
 Of atoms justling in his brain,
 As learn'd philosophers give out :
 So Sidrophelo cast about,
 And fell t'his wonted trade again,
 To feign himself in earnest slain :
 First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
 And seeming in his breast to smother
 A broken sigh ; quoth he, Where am I,
 Alive, or dead ; or which way came I
 Through so immense a space so soon ?
 But now I thought myself i'th' moon ;
 And that a monster, with huge whiskers,
 More formidable than a Switzer's,
 My body through and through had drill'd,
 And Whachum by my side had kill'd,
 Had cross examin'd both our hose,
 And plunder'd all we had to lose ;

Look

Look, there he is, I see him now,
 And feel the place I am run through :
 And there lies Whachum by my side
 Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd :
 Oh ! oh ! With that he fetch'd a groan,
 And fell again into a swoon,
 Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath,
 And to the life out-acted death ;
 That Hudibras, to all appearing,
 Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
 He held it now no longer safe,
 To tarry the return of Ralph,
 But rather leave him in the lurch :
 Thought he, he has abus'd our church,
 Refus'd to give himself one firk,
 To carry on the public work ;
 Despis'd our synod-men like dirt,
 And made their discipline his sport ;
 Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,
 And their conventions prov'd high places :
 Disparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,
 And set at nought their cheese and bacon ;
 Rail'd at their covenant, and jeer'd
 Their rev'rend parsons to my beard :
 For all which scandals, to be quit
 At once, this juncture falls out fit.
 I'll make him henceforth to beware,
 And tempt my fury, if he dare :
 He must at least hold up his hand,
 By twelve freeholders to be scann'd ;
 Who, by their skill in palmistry,
 Will quickly read his destiny ;
 And make him glad to read his lesson,
 Or take a turn for't at the session :

Unless

Unless his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure ;
For if he 'scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do :
And that will disengage my conscience
O'th'obligation, in his own sense :
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my honour satisfaction,
And right the brethren in the action.
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And conduct he approach'd his steed,
And with activity unwont,
Assay'd the lofty beast to mount ;
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his palfrey,
To get from th'enemy, and Ralph, free :
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

AN
HEROICAL
EPISTLE
OF
HUNDIBRASS
TO
SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus —

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your scull
As often as the moon's at full ;
Tis not amiss, ere y'are giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'r'ate med'cine more ;
For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'it is the wisest course.
Is't possible, that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might, with equal reason, either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Pry'n's, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,

Should

Should yet be deaf against a noise
 So roaring as the public voice ?
 That speaks your virtues free and loud,
 And openly in ev'ry croud,
 As loud as one that sings his part
 T'a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart,
 Or your new-nicknam'd old invention
 To cry green-hastings with an engine ;
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
 And torn your drum-heads with the sound),
 And 'cause your folly's now no news,
 But overgrown, and out of use,
 Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature ;
 When folly, as it grows in years,
 The more extravagant appears ;
 For who but you could be possest
 With so much ignorance, and beast,
 That neither all mens scorn, and hate,
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture ;
 But (like a reprobate) what course
 Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse ?
 Can no transfusion of the blood,
 That makes fools cattle, do you good ?
 Nor putting pigs t'a bitch to nurse,
 To turn them into mungrel curs,
 Put you into a way, at leaft,
 To make yourself a better beast ?
 Can all your critical intrigues
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs ;
 Your fev'ral new-found remedies
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees ;

Your

Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
 And purging their infected saps ;
 Recov'ring shankers, crystallines,
 And nodes and botches in their rind's,
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon that duller block, your pate ?
 But still it must be lewdly bent
 To tempt your own due punishment ;
 And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
 The boys to course you without law ;
 As if the art you have so long
 Profess'd, of making old dogs young,
 In you, had virtue to renew
 Not only youth, but childhood too,
 Can you that understand all books,
 By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face,
 As others do with B's and A's ;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows ;
 All arts and sciences advance,
 With screwing of your countenance ;
 And, with a penetrating eye,
 Into th'abstrusest learning pry ;
 Know more of any trade b'a hint,
 Than those that have been bred up in't ;
 And yet have no art, true or false,
 To help your own bad naturals ?
 But still, the more you strive t'appear,
 Are found to be the wretcheder :
 For fools are known by looking wise,
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
 Hence 'tis that 'cause y'have gained o'th'college
 A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,

And

And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Y'assume a pow'r as absolute
 To judge, and censure, and control,
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll ;
 And saucily pretend to know
 More than your dividend comes to :
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With ignorance and face alone :
 No, though y'have purchas'd to your name
 In history so great a fame ;
 That now your talent's so well known,
 For having all belief outgrown,
 That ev'ry strange prodigious tale
 Is measur'd by your German scale —
 By which the virtuosi try
 The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
 Cast up to w^hat it does amount,
 And place the bigg'ft to your account :
 That all those stories that are laid
 Too truly to you, and those made,
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.
 Alas ! that faculty betrays
 Those soonest it designs to raise :
 And all your vain renown will spoil,
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil ;
 Though he that has but impudence,
 To all things has a fair pretence ;
 And put among his wants but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim :
 Though you have try'd that nothing's borne
 With greater ease than publick scorn,
 That all affronts do still give place
 To your impenetrable face ;

That

That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,
You must not think 'twill always pass ;
For all impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour, and undone.
And all the best that can befall
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as soon
As once they're broke loose from the moon,
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys, and rabble-wit.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.

18 JU 70

